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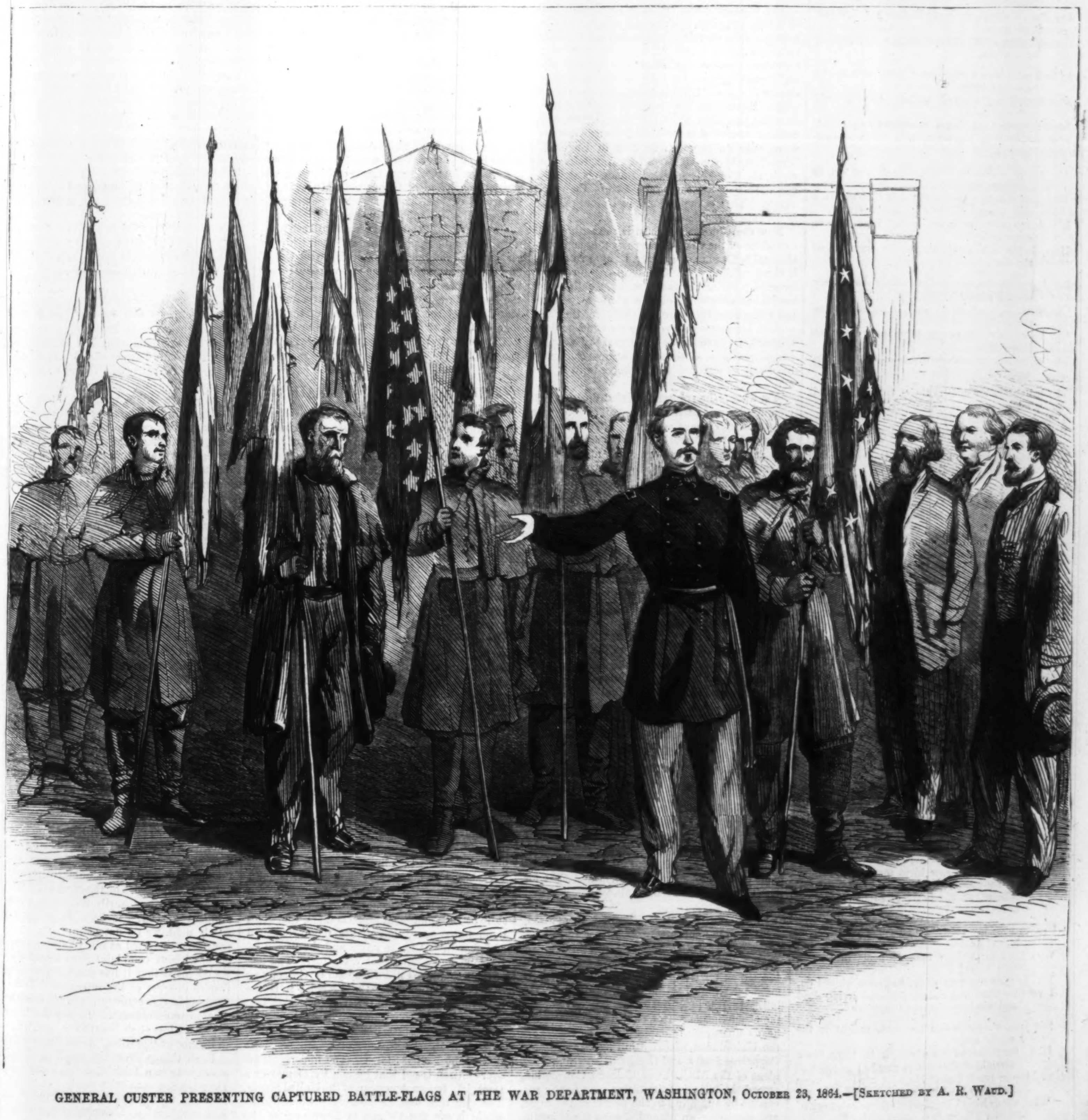
SHERIDAN'S VICTORY.

WE give in the subjoined illustration a representation of the highly interesting ceremony in which General CUSTER officiated, on Sunday, October 23—namely, that of presenting to the Secretary of War the Battle-Flags captured from the Rebels in the Battle of Cedar Creek. General CUSTER arrived in Washington on the Saturday before the ceremony took place; and ten of the captured flags were displayed from the railroad engine as the train came in. During the presentation it was announced that General CUSTER had been appointed Major-General, and this fact occasioned great enthusiasm among the large crowd assembled to witness the ceremony. One of the colors captured was the head-quarters flag of the late rebel General RAMSEUR, bearing the inscription, "On to Victory! Presented by Mr. W. T. Sutherlin." A large number of the colors were taken by CUSTER'S Division. General RAMSEUR was a class-mate of General CUSTER'S at West Point, and as the former was dying the two reviewed together the reminiscences of their cadet life.

FORGING SOLDIERS' VOTES.

WE give on page 725 a sketch showing the manner in which the Copperheads obtain their votes. The facts of the case, at its present development, are as follows: The first suspicion that something wrong was going on in regard to the soldiers' vote in this State occurred to Mr. ORVILLE K. WOOD, who was in the army procuring votes in behalf of the Union Committee of Clinton County. Proceeding thereupon to the agency of the State of New York at Baltimore, and gaining the confidence of a certain Mr. FERRY, the agent appointed by Governor SEYMOUR two years ago to look after sick and wounded soldiers in and around Baltimore, he found his suspicions more than confirmed. Mr. FERRY remarked to Mr. WOOD that when Union votes came to that office "they went out all right." In Mr. WOOD'S presence this Mr. FERRY and his fellow-agents, DONAHUE, NEWCOMB, and others, signed soldiers' names to votes, filling out the blanks with other names in regular order, all forged; altered Union votes, so that soldiers giving their suffrages to Mr. LINCOLN were made to vote for General M'CLELLAN, and affixed to Democratic ballots the names of sick and wounded, and even of dead soldiers. The conspirators admitted that a number of agents were employed in a similar manner, and that soldiers' votes were in this way manufactured by the dry-goods' box full. These statements are sworn to in court by two of those engaged in the fraud, and the exhibition of the documents, consisting of a number of the forged votes, and a large amount of correspondence, leaves no room for doubt as to the nature and



GENERAL CUSTER PRESENTING CAPTURED BATTLE-FLAGS AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 23, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

extent of the crime which has been committed against our citizens at home, and against our brave soldiers in the field. There is nothing whatever to contradict or to soften this damning evidence of guilt. And it would appear from the testimony that even an officer in the army, a Commissary-General, had lent his aid and sanction to the crime. A list of the soldiers from Columbia County was sent to Donahue to help on the shameful forgery. The following letter, which was intercepted, shows to what use the list was put:

New York State Agency, Baltimore,
No. 85 W. Fayette Street, *October 22, 1864.*

My dear Sir,—I send with this note a number of ballots for your county. *I have made out a number from the list you sent me.*

I also send a package put up by Mr. Ferry, State Agent, and you will find a note from him explaining things. I guess you have enough. Fearing that you might not I inclose envelopes and powers of attorney sworn to; you can fill them up for Columbia or any other county.

You can fill them up as well in your county as we can here. If you want names of enlisted persons, ascertain them from the Supervisors' list of any county.

In haste, your friend, E. D., Jun.

You can procure large envelopes for attorneys' names at Albany. Put in some good names for attorneys.

Thousands of soldiers' votes have been forged, and many of them have been sent home. Every vote thus fraudulently given has deprived some soldier of his franchise, the most invaluable of his rights as an American citizen. Nor has this injury been confined to the living. The Copperheads have dared not simply to forge the votes of living soldiers, but even to desecrate our honored dead.

RIDING TO VOTE.

Yonder the bleak old Tavern stands—the faded sign before,
That years ago a setting sun and banded harvest bore:
The Tavern stands the same to-day—the sign you look upon
Has glintings of the dazzled sheaves, but nothing of the sun.

In Jackson's days a gay young man, with spirits hale and blithe,
And form like the young hickory, so tough and tall and lithe,
I first remember coming up—we came a wagon-load,
A dozen for Old Hickory—this rough November road.

Ah! thirty years—they help a man, you see, in growing gray,
They can not take the manly soul that makes a man alway!
It's thirty years, or near: to-day I go to vote once more;
Here, half a mile away, we see the crowd about the door.

My boys, in Eighteen Sixty—my boys? my men, I mean!
(No better men nor braver souls in flesh-and-blood are seen)
One twenty-six, one twenty-three, rode with their father then:
The ballot-box remembers theirs—*my* vote I'll try again!

The ballot-box remembers theirs, the country well might know—
Though in a million only two for little seem to go;
But, somehow, when my ticket slipped I dream'd of Jackson's day.
The land, I thought, has need of One whose will will find a way!

"*He* did not waver when the need had call'd for steadfast thought—
The word he spoke made plain the deed that lay behind it wrought;"
And while I mused the Present fell, and, breathing back the Past,
Again it seem'd the hale young man his vote for Jackson cast!

Thank God it was not lost!—my vote I did not cast in vain!
I go alone to drop my vote—the glorious vote again;
Alone—where three together fell but one to-day shall fall;
But though I go alone to-day, one voice shall speak for all!

For when our men, awaking quick, from hearth and threshold came,
Mine did not say, "Another day!" but started like a flame;
I'll vote for them as well as me; they died as soldiers can,
But in my vote their voices each shall claim the right of man.

The elder left his wife and child—my vote for these shall tell;
The younger's sweet-heart has a claim—I'll vote for her as well!
Yes! for the myriad speechless tongues, the myriad squandered lives,
The desolation at the heart of orphans and of wives!

I go to give my vote alone—I curse your shameless sham
Who fight for traitors here at home in Peace's holy name!
I go to give my vote alone, but even while I do,
I vote for dead and living, all—the living dead and you!

See yonder tree beside the field, caught in the windy sough,
How conscious of its strength it leans, how straight and steadfast now!
As Lincoln bends (for all, in him, my vote I mean to cast)—
What winds have blown! what storms he's known!—the Hickory's straight at last!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 12, 1864.

THE EIGHTH OF NOVEMBER.

The political campaign which ends in the election of the 8th of November decides the most important question in history. It has always been the fate of republics hitherto to be destroyed by faction. Party-spirit has overpowered patriotism. It has been, therefore, feared by many of the best and wisest men that we should encounter the same peril and succumb to the same fate.

That fear is now about to be confirmed or dissipated forever. The American people are about to say that their national Government, like all other Governments, has the right to defend its existence by force against foreign enemies and domestic rebels; or it is about to declare that John C. Calhoun and Jefferson Davis and George H. Pendleton are right, and George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, and Stephen A. Douglas were wrong in their theory of our Government. It is about to declare that the Union of the United States is the merest partnership at will of sovereign powers, in which the prosperity of the whole is at the mercy of the whim or the anger of the smallest part—or it is to proclaim, unmistakably, that the United States are a nation, with national attributes, with a national history, with a national authority, with a national honor, and a national flag.

The Chicago party concedes the destruction of the Government, because it declares that the attempt of the Government to maintain itself by force is a failure. But if it has failed to enforce its authority against rebels, it can hereafter exercise over them only so much authority as they choose to allow. That is to say that the United States Government may do in the State of South Carolina just what South Carolina permits, and nothing more. But the United States Government may do as much as that in England. Therefore, if the Chicago platform tells the truth, the United States Government is already and hopelessly overthrown in each of the rebel States. That is the end of the Union. That is the ruin of the country.

Now the Chicago platform is the authorized exposition of the views of the party that supports General M‘Clellan; and Mr. Pendleton, who is the candidate of the Chicago party for Vice-President, entirely approves what he calls "the beneficent principles" of that platform. Does not every man, therefore, who votes for the Chicago ticket necessarily vote for the Chicago doctrines? Or is the letter of General M‘Clellan considered to be a breakwater against the terrible swell of anarchy which proceeds from the Chicago doctrine?

Yet what is the substance of that doctrine but compromise, and what does General M‘Clellan suggest as the means of restoring the Union but compromise? If rebels refuse to compromise they are to be delivered over to "ulterior consequences"—which means, doubtless, a more abject compromise. But the significant point both in the Chicago platform and the M‘Clellan letter is, that armed rebels against the Government are not to be put down by force, but are to be coaxed or bought off. That is equally the overthrow of the Government, for it is a premium upon rebellion.

Between the unconditional and the conditional maintenance of the Government the people are now to choose. If they shall decide for the latter, universal disintegration of the Union and endless wars between little neighboring States inevitably ensue. If they elect the former the power and the importance which belong to a great nation will secure them permanent peace, prosperity, and liberty. General M‘Clellan and George H. Pendleton represent the conditional, Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson the unconditional maintenance of the Government. May God guide our choice!

THE ARMY VOTE FRAUD.

The Union citizens of this country have always insisted that the soldiers should vote. They have always held that no American citizen should lose his rights under the Government merely because he loved that Government enough to go into the field and fight for it. The Copperheads have always insisted that he should.

In Maine the soldiers' voting law was passed, and the only majorities against it were in Copperhead towns. In New Hampshire the law was passed by the Legislature by a vote of about 175 Union men to 105 Copperheads. In Vermont the Union Legislature promptly passed the bill. In Rhode Island it was opposed only by the Copperheads. In Connecticut the Copperheads unanimously opposed it. In New York the Union men passed a bill by 65 yeas to 59 Copperhead nays, and Horatio Seymour, President of the M‘Clellan Chicago Convention, vetoed the bill; but the Union men finally succeeded by appealing to the people of the State, and procuring an amendment to the Constitution which the Copperheads desperately voted against. In New Jersey 37,000 Union citizens asked the passage by the Legislature of a voting law for the soldiers. The Legislature refused by 31 Copperhead nays to 19 Union yeas. In Pennsylvania Judge Woodward, the Copperhead candidate for Governor, in favor of whose election General M‘Clellan wrote a letter, opposed the law. The Unionists then carried an amendment to the Constitution. The greatest majorities for it were in the Union counties; the only majorities against it were in Copperhead counties. In Delaware, where the Copperheads control the Legislature, the soldiers have been denied the right of voting. In Ohio the Copperheads steadily and in every way opposed the law. But it was passed by Union votes and sustained by the Supreme Court of the State. In Michigan 19 Union Senators to 10 Copperhead, and 53 Union to 23 Copperhead representatives, passed the law. In Illinois the Copperheads controlling the Legislature, defeated the law; and General John A. Logan, the bosom friend of Douglas, is disfranchised because he believes as Douglas said upon his death-bed: "A man can not be a true Democrat unless he is a loyal patriot," and because he is nobly fighting for his country. In Wisconsin the bill passed by 19 Unionists to 7 Copperheads in the Senate, and 52 Unionists to 40 Copperheads in the Assembly. In California, Iowa, Minnesota, and Missouri the Union men against the steady Copperhead opposition have secured the soldiers' right to vote. In Indiana the Copperhead Legislature refused it.

Such is the prodigious record. In every State the Copperhead supporters of M‘Clellan and Pendleton have opposed in every way and at every stage the right of American soldiers to vote, because they were in the field fighting for their country. The Copperheads made Patriotism a crime.

Very well. American soldiers are not fools. They know exactly what they are fighting for; therefore, in the case of the single State of Ohio, out of 55,000 soldiers' votes cast in October there was a majority of 48,000 for the Union. And now, as appears by the confession of Mr. J. Ferry, the Copperhead State Agent for the Army of the State of New York, a vast conspiracy was undertaken by the Copperheads to forge the soldiers' vote, and elect George B. M‘Clellan, the friend of Vallandigham, by defeating the honest will of the soldiers in the field.

Does any loyal American citizen still ask himself whether the Copperheads and their Chicago platform and candidates are faithful to the Union and the Government? Was this universal Copperhead opposition to the soldiers' voting law in the Legislatures, and this vast effort at a fraudulent defeat of the fair consequences of the passage of the law, in the interest of the United States Government, or of Jefferson Davis and the rebellion?

THE LESSON OF THE RAIDS.

The sudden and startling raid from Canada across the frontier of Vermont is a striking illustration of the practical consequences of State sovereignty and disunion. The rebels assert that they are only maintaining State sovereignty. But in a system like that they propose every State would be a little separate foreign power to every other, and each would be always exposed to such armed surprises, robberies, and murders as those of the recent raid into Vermont. The absolute and hopeless anarchy resulting from the triumph of the rebels' doctrine of State sovereignty can not be conceived. We may judge of its inevitable tendency by remembering that when, in the winter of 1860-61, some of the Southern States declared their secession from the Union and the resumption of their sovereignty, Fernando Wood, then Mayor, suggested that the city of New York might find it wise to secede from the State. And then the First Ward might have found it wise to secede from the Second; and so the entire fabric of social order have fallen into common ruin.

The doctrine of supreme State sovereignty is the doctrine of humiliation and disgrace. The famous history of this country is that of united Colonies and States. Before they were united there was no history. The history of England and France is the story of weakness, shame, and anarchy, until the various parts were welded into a great national whole. It is not an Englishman's boast that he is a Kentish man or a Yorkshireman, but an Englishman. It is not a Frenchman's pride that he is a Gascon or a Burgundian, but a Frenchman. It is not Yorkshire or Burgundy that protects them, that gives them importance, that makes them respected and feared. It is the name and the nation of England and France that does this. The flag of their country is not a Kentish or Gascon flag—it is the British and the French; it is the cross of St. George and the tri-color.

It is precisely so with us. The power of this nation in the world is not the power of Maine, or Delaware, or Missouri, or California; it is that of the United States. The importance of every citizen is not that he is a Vermonter or a Georgian, but an American of the United States. The flag that defends him every where in the world is not the Pelican of Louisiana, or the Palmetto of South Carolina, or the Anchor of Rhode Island; it is the glorious Stars and Stripes. The doctrine of supreme State sovereignty plucks all power and significance from that flag. It makes it represent not the overwhelming force of a nation—not the terrible energy of a trained and resistless army and navy, but the ridiculous impotence of a guerrilla band. The doctrine of supreme State sovereignty is national suicide.

Yet that is the doctrine of the rebellion and of the Chicago tender to the rebellion. The Chicago platform confesses the victory of this doctrine over the national power of the Union. General M‘Clellan, in his letter approving compromise with the rebel chiefs, stands straight upon the Chicago platform, for he proposes to treat with those who, by force of arms, assert State sovereignty against the national supremacy. Should such a policy be adopted by the people of this country in his elevation to the Presidency, every State would be a separate power exposed to the incursions of neighboring enemies. Every State must maintain an army to defend its frontier against St. Alban raids. If the States made a compact not to harm each other, it would be as fruitless as Mr. Pendleton now declares the Union to be. "If the States refuse to observe the compact," he says, "you have no right to force them to observe it."

If, then, armies must be maintained to defend sovereign State lines, does any man think he would escape the permanent draft which would be necessary to fill those armies? Would he avoid the taxes necessary to support those armies? When Pennsylvania and Ohio chose to threaten Delaware, what hope or refuge would Delaware have? Chicago and Richmond aim at separation as a means of peace. Many a man in the North thinks that a vote for the Chicago candidates would give the country peace, and release him from drafts and taxation. But if what we say be true—and who will deny it?—does he not see that Union, and Union alone, is strength and consequently security and peace? And does it not follow that, if the power of the Union is assailed, it must be maintained unconditionally, or else be entirely overthrown? Whoever dictates conditions is master of the field. When once the Union is destroyed by force of arms—as the Chicago platform declares is now the case, we have before us endless wars, taxes, and conscriptions; we have impotence, ruin, and anarchy, ending in hopeless despotism.

Let every thoughtful citizen bear these things in mind, and then vote for M‘Clellan and Pendleton, who represent this policy, if he can.

STRAWS.

Good citizens will have observed that the party which has most loudly clamored for free speech in this campaign has been the party whose adherents have made almost all the disturbance in the canvass. Union meetings have been constantly interrupted by M‘Clellan partisans. Have Union men any where attempted to break up M‘Clellan meetings? Union flags have been cut down by the friends of the Chicago platform and M‘Clellan. Have Union men cut down and torn M‘Clellan banners? Processions have been attacked, speakers have been insulted, every kind of interference and annoyance has been practiced. Have these things been the work of loyal Union citizens or of M‘Clellan partisans? Are the men who have declared that, in certain events, they will not submit to the result of the election, friends of Mr. Lincoln or of General M‘Clellan?

We do not assert that Union men may not sometimes have been guilty of interruptions of the meetings of the Chicago party; but we challenge contradiction in saying that the disturbing element at the vast mass of meetings where there has been any disturbance was composed of M‘Clellan partisans. These are the men who bawl for free speech. They call the President of the United States—as we know in a certain instance—"the obscene ape of Illinois," and the next moment shout that the liberty of speech is annihilated. They print articles to favor the insurrection against the Government of the United States, appealing to every base passion of ignorant men, or meanly sophisticating in smooth phrases to excite hostility to the authorities, and then cry aloud that the freedom of the press is in danger.

These things they do with absolute impunity, and shriek incessantly that the liberties of American citizens are imperiled, because now and then a man has been summarily arrested for helping the enemies of the country. That this power, which necessarily resides in every Government at war, has been in every instance wisely used, we do not claim; nor could such power ever be used at all, whatever the emergency, without complaint from somebody. But we do insist that it has not been so used as to inspire distrust of the intention. It has been used, as in this country it always must be, subject to impeachment. To say that loyal citizens have lost their liberties, or are, in general, in danger of "bastiles," is ludicrously false.

Such things show the spirit of the Chicago party. Is it a faithful, loyal, patriotic spirit? Does it raise such cries really to save the Government, or to get it into their hands? Are the men who break up Union meetings truly in favor of free speech? Are the papers that speak of Mr. LINCOLN as the *Aurora* used to speak of General WASHINGTON really deprived of their "liberty?" Yet all these men and these papers labor for the election of General M'CLELLAN. Is that the company a good Union-loving citizen wishes to keep? Is that the candidate the true friends of free speech wish to vote for?

Straws show how the tide is running.

PODSNAPPERY.

IF any nation is anxious to see the overthrow of the American Government it is the English. The British aristocracy has said and done all it could to aid the rebellion; and its organs cheer lustily for General M'CLELLAN and Mr. PENDLETON. Some weeks ago the London *Post*, the organ of Lord PALMERSTON, the British Prime Minister, under the heading, "American Union passing away," said:

> "The institutions of the American Republic were, in the fullest signification of the term, liberal, and in no country in the world has more keen regret been felt than in free England that those institutions should be, to all appearances, on the point of extinction."

The spirit which thus complacently chuckles over what it calls the prospect of our national ruin, instinctively works and prays for the defeat of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON, whose careers from the poverty in which they were born to the distinction they have reached are noble illustrations of the operation of American institutions.

COLONEL LOWELL.

THE late Colonel LOWELL, whose portrait is upon page 733, and of whom we spoke last week, was buried on Friday, October 28, at Mount Auburn, in Cambridge, near Boston. His commission as a Brigadier-General had been signed, and was on the way to him when he fell.

A letter from one competent to speak says: "I do not think there was any officer in all the army so much beloved as LOWELL."

"We all shed tears," said CUSTER, "when we knew that we had lost him. It is the greatest loss the cavalry corps has suffered."

"I do not think there was a quality," said SHERIDAN, "which I would have added to LOWELL."

"ELECTION DAY."

MR. NAST and Mr. BELLEW have done admirable pictorial service in this paper for the Union cause. The grave and poetic designs of Mr. NAST, and the clear, comic pungency of Mr. BELLEW's caricatures, have brought home the issues of this canvass to many a mind more forcibly than any argument or speech.

This week Mr. NAST shows us the significance of the scene at the ballot-box. Surrounded by illustrations of the various persons and classes who decide at the polls the fate of the country and of free popular institutions, the figure of Peace, with drooping head and clipped wings, as if prostituted to a hateful purpose, with her hands manacled behind her, stands before the sacred urn, while the twin Satans of secession and sympathy with it push their ballots into her hand. But opposite to her—calm, erect, and majestic, the consciousness of victory in her heart and its fire beaming in her eye—the ripe and noble figure of the Country, American Union and Liberty, drops her ballot into the box. You can read upon it the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whom the heart of that Country desires to see the next President of the United States.

AN UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.

A CORRESPONDENT in the interior of New York asks:

> "Can you explain the present anomalous position of the so-called Democratic party? If a large portion of the Democratic presses and orators are, as they claim, truly loyal, why do they so persistently oppose every attempt of the constituted authorities to suppress the rebellion? They cry out and call aloud for fair play, and yet constantly pervert and misconstrue willfully every act of the Government. They have long prayers for our 'bleeding country,' and yet offer nothing but hyssop and vinegar to soothe it in its hour of agony. What judgment will be meted out by coming generations to these would-be creed makers?
>
> "'As they sow so shall they reap.'"

A SOLDIER'S VOTE.

A SOLDIER forwards us the Union National and State ticket, and writes: "I go this whole thing without any repugnance of conscience. Woe unto traitors! We will whip them."

A MILITARY BLISTER FOR COPPERHEADS.

IN the United States Military Hospital at Jeffersonville, Indiana, a thorough canvass of the inmates in September showed the following result:

Lincoln and Johnson	50
M'Clellan and Pendleton	2
Doubtful	2

The veterans add that the Copperhead vote is given in aid of "the despicable aristocracy" which is trying to overthrow the Government, and they say of the party which can not heartily cheer for the victories of SHERIDAN, SHERMAN, GRANT, and FARRAGUT: "They should be remembered as long as they live for their treachery, and be forever denied by their outraged countrymen the privilege of holding any office of honor, profit, or trust; and so far as our knowledge of them and our votes and influence will effect it, they shall be."

OUR "PATTERNS."

THE following letter comes from two gentlemen who, beyond any doubt whatever, intend to vote for General M'CLELLAN and Mr. PENDLETON; who confide reverently in Mr. VALLANDIGHAM; who denounce the "Abolition war," and "ABE LINCOLN's despotism;" who wish well to the rebellion, and desire, as faithful supporters of the Chicago platform and candidates, to confess that the American people are conquered, and to implore the gracious pardon of JEFFERSON DAVIS. For all these reasons the two gentlemen do not like this paper. We should be heartily ashamed of ourselves if they did:

> "PLAINFIELD, O., *Oct.* 21, '64.
>
> "*Ed. of Harper's Weekley:*
>
> "DER SIR,—You will much oblige your Patterns at this office if you will pleas keep your dam Blagard Sheet at home, or Send it to them that can Stumic it. We can not gow it any longer."

SPEKE.

DIED THURSDAY, 16TH SEPTEMBER, 1864.

SOUTHWARD to unearth a secret
Kept six thousand years;
Onward, onward, one of England's
Boldest pioneers.

One with high determination
Held in perfect drill;
Working out a fixèd purpose
Grappled by the will.

Up the highway of a river,
Coming silently,
With a broad, mysterious volume
To the Syrian Sea.

Girt with courage of the Saxon—
Strideth on a man,
Breaking down great walls of hindrance,
As a Briton can.

Type of an immortal precept
That hath ever stood
As a beacon to the nations—
English hardihood.

Tracking down the Ethiop stream line,
Resolute to win
Access to the hidden chamber
Of its origin.

Throwing back great waves of peril
Rising in the way;
Out upon the sea of venture
Valiantly he lay.

Captured by the fierce SOMALI,
Wounded, scorched, and bound,
By a lance his very muscles
Nailèd to the ground.

Still the storied, bull-dog valor
Of the island race
Taught him how to dash his fetters
In his captor's face.

Up he springs to tear the cordage
From his swollen hands;
Girds him for escape—his bold blood
Dripping on the sands.

Manly, sun-burnt features settled
To an infant calm—
Lo! he sleeps beneath the heavy
Shadow of the palm.

Head upon his arm—the north land
Visited in dream;
While the shafts of tropic fire
Tremble on the stream.

Home! from many a close-locked wrestle
Where grim death did press
Hard upon him as he journeyed
Through the wilderness.

Home! to meet the grip of welcome
From an English hand;
Home! to find his deeds of daring
Famous in the land.

Home! his triumph by a people
Countersigned and sealed;
Home! to find the spoiler waiting
On an English field.

From the gable of a farm-house
Curl the wreaths of smoke;
Through a copse the sunlight quivers
On the browning oak.

Past the underwood and flowers
Murmureth the burn;
Past a shattered body lying
On the tangled fern.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following is related as "the President's last story:" In dismissing a party of hungry place-seekers who had often wearied him, and finally exhausted his patience, Mr. Lincoln said they reminded him of the story of the schoolmaster who told one of his pupils to read the third chapter of Daniel. The boy began, but when he came to the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, he stumbled. The master required him to proceed. He tried again and failed. Pedagogue then tried a flogging, but still no go. Relenting, the master told the boy he might read the preceding chapter, and let the present one go. The boy brightened up and took hold with a will. He got on famously until he reached the last verse, when, pausing, a look of consternation overcame his countenance and he dropped the book, exclaiming in a doleful voice, "*Why here are them three rascally fellows again!*" The trio sloped, and some of their friends say it was a fair hit.

"This is the last rose of summer!" exclaimed a wag, as he rose from his bed on the 31st of August.

Let a man do his best, and the world may do its worst.

JACKSON BOOTS AND SEYMOUR SLIPPERS.

ONE of our patriotic clergy of this city lately said that he had looked with great hope to the Chicago Convention, thinking that they might start a patriotic movement that would unite the heart of the nation and break down the old party walls. But he was bitterly disappointed. All that was necessary was to build a hickory platform, raise the old flag over it, and hang a pair of Andrew Jackson's old boots on the flag-staff. Instead of hickory, we had at Chicago only saw-dust; instead of the old flag, there was a banner that was so dim and uncertain as to puzzle the looker-on to tell whether it was the Stars and Stripes or the Stars and Bars; instead of Andrew Jackson's old boots, there were Horatio Seymour's bran-new slippers—slippery enough they were too.

THE ONION AND THE UNION.

Dr. Osgood gave the Agricultural Address before the Fairfield County farmers at Norwalk, Connecticut, September 30, and spoke of the duty that the great farming interest owed to the country, and the immense power of patriotic farmers in the old Revolutionary times and in the whole of our national history. He said he had heard of a few mean Connecticut farmers who disowned the flag when the present rebellion broke out, because the price of onions fell in the first war-panic. The true farmer, he said, is above such baseness, and cares not only for his crops, but for his country. He likes to sell his onions, but he will not sell the Union. He may think that *great is the Onion*, but he is quite sure that *greater is the Union*.

Lord Brougham told the following anecdote at the late meeting of the Social Science Congress: Horne Tooke was sitting in a room by himself one day when in rushed a lunatic, flourishing a large-bladed knife in his hand. The lunatic said, "You are Mr. Horne Tooke, are you not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the lunatic, "I will soon put an end to you." Horne Tooke answered, "If you do you will suffer for it." "Oh," said the madman, "I came out of Dr. Shipton's asylum t'other day, and they can't punish me." Horne Tooke rejoined, with great tact, "Then I suppose you don't know that a law was passed only t'other day saying that all lunatics should be hanged?" "No, I didn't know that," replied the madman, instantly throwing down the knife in a tremor and slinking out of the room.

A bull is good eating in any land. Here is a fine one produced by the *Indépendance* in a burst of fine writing: "A hundred thousand hearts were beating as they witnessed the ascent of Nadar; a hundred thousand eyes were watching the movements of the balloon"—thus showing that each possessor of a heart was either shutting one eye or had but one eye—a singular Belgian race.

Lord Norbury was celebrated equally for his wit and his severity as a criminal judge. At one time, as a special commissioner appointed to try the culprits in one of the Irish rebellions, he had in course of a sitting convicted a great many. "You are going on swimmingly here, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his lordship, significantly, "seven knots an hour."

THE TOPER'S AUTUMN SOLILOQUY.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason, too, 's the same,
Both comes of getting dry.
But here's the difference 'twixt you and me,
I fall more harder and more frequently.

Why is a lucky billiard-player like an anchor?—Because he holds his ground entirely by flukes.

"Sambo, am you posted in natural sciences?" "Ob course I is; sartingly." "Then you can tell me the cause of the great blight in potatoes for the last ten years?" "Oh! dat's easy enough. It's all owing to de rot-tater-y motion of the earth."

A Parisian advertises photographs giving to the physiognomy the effects of the full moon shining on the face. He says the softness that the moon produces is remarkable. There is no doubt of it.

A poor Frenchman being aroused from sleep by his wife, with the cry, "Get up, Baptiste, there's a robber in the house," calmly answered, "Don't let us molest him. Let him ransack the house, and if he should find any thing of value we'll take it away from him."

A company of French players were giving one of Racine's plays, in which it became necessary to have a number of German Soldiers on the stage to represent the Greek army. Not one of these men understood the French language, with the exception of a non-commissioned officer, who knew it a little, and was therefore appointed to interpret the prompter's orders. At the most solemn part of the tragedy the prompter gave the order to go off. "Sortez," said he, but the German sergeant, knowing nothing of the play, mistook the word for "*Sautez*," whereupon all the soldiers began dancing forthwith, to the astonishment as well as mirth of the audience, and, it is to be presumed, to the disgust of the actors, who saw their efforts to move their auditors to tears rendered abortive by the blunder.

When is a candle likely to be angry?—When it's put out, to be sure.

An old Irishman who had witnessed the effect of whisky for many years past, said a barrel labeled whisky contained a thousand songs and fifty fights.

"George, do you know that Mr. Jones has found a beautiful baby on his door-step, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, papa; he will be Mr. Jones's *step-son*, won't he?"

A young lady has discovered the reason why married men, from the age of thirty years and upward, are more or less bald; they scratch the hair off in dismay at their wives long milliners' bills!

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that, when statesmen get into place, they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

Tom Hood says nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday coat or a new pair of boots. To have time set easy, your garments must set the example.

Henry Erskine happening to be retained for a client of the name of Tickle, began his speech in opening the case, thus: "Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord"—and upon proceeding so far was interrupted by laughter in court, which was increased when the Judge (Lord Kaimes) exclaimed: "Tickle him yourself, Harry; you are as able to do so as I am."

A gentleman afflicted with rheumatism consulted a physician, who immediately wrote him a prescription. As the patient was going away the doctor called him back. "By-the-way, Sir, should my prescription happen to afford you any relief, please to let me know, as I am myself suffering from a similar affection, and have tried in vain to cure it."

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain
Is always right," cries sprightly Jane;
"Ah, would to Heaven!" cries graver Sue,
"What's right were fashionable too."

A traveler coming up to an inn door, said: "Pray, friend, are you the master of this house?"—"Yes, Sir," answered Boniface, "my wife has been dead these three weeks."

During the riots of 1780 most persons in London, in order to save their houses from being burned or pulled down, wrote on their doors, "No Popery!" Old Grimaldi, the father of the celebrated "Joey," to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his, "No Religion!"

REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I can not think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free-and-easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of —, without any invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose the other had asked him, and so it turned out.

When ladies wore their dresses very low and very short, a wit observed that "they began too late and ended too soon."

A gentleman gave a friend some first-rate wine, which he tasted and drank, making no remark upon it. The owner, disgusted at his guest's want of appreciation, next offered some strong but inferior wine, which the guest had no sooner tasted than he exclaimed that it was excellent wine. "But you said nothing of the first," remarked his host. "Oh!" replied the other, "the first required nothing being said of it. It spoke for itself. I thought the second wanted a trumpeter."

Mrs. Smith, hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant if she snored in her sleep. "I don't know, marm," replied Becky, quite innocently; "I never lay awake long enough to diskiver."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

ON Thursday, October 28, General Grant moved his entire army for the purpose of finding on either flank some vulnerable point in the enemy's lines. The movement in neither direction had a fortunate issue.

On the left the Second, Fifth, and Ninth corps advanced in three separate columns. The Second Corps by a circuitous march moved along the Vaughan Road, and thence northwestwardly to Hatcher's Run, three miles beyond our extreme left. Here they met the enemy, driving in his pickets, forty of whom, including a major, were captured. From this point the corps moved westwardly, and struck the Boydton road, along which the enemy has been transporting supplies since the seizure of the Weldon Railroad. The Fifth Corps advanced by a more direct route, also striking the Boydton road on the right of the Second. The third column consisted of the Ninth Corps, which moved up to the right of the Fifth. The position taken was one which, if held, would prove of great advantage to us, as it secured possession of a road of considerable importance to the enemy, and seriously threatened the Southside Railroad. The rebels, watching their opportunity, and discovering a gap in the Federal line between the Second and Fifth corps, attacked with great vigor at this point. This attack was made at 4 o'clock P.M. by Mahone's Division of Hill's Corps. Forming under cover of the woods, this division advanced and at first gained an advantage, and inflicting on the Second Corps a considerable loss. But the attack was finally repulsed, though Grant was compelled to withdraw. As the rebels were driven back nearly a whole brigade of them was captured by the Second Corps. The rebel cavalry followed the Federals as they withdrew, but inflicted no injury. Our loss was about 1500. We took 828 prisoners and four battle-flags.

The same day Butler's army north of the James cooperated with the advance on the left by a movement on the extreme right. In the morning the Eighteenth Corps, with Kautz's division of cavalry, pushed across from the Darbytown to the Charles City Road, having orders to avoid an engagement, but to ascertain the exact situation of the enemy's left flank, and to turn it if possible.

The Tenth Corps, in the mean time, took a position on the Darbytown Road, facing toward Richmond, Foster's division in the centre, and Ames's on the right. The rebels were a little distance in front, under cover of the woods. Skirmishing was kept up nearly all day.

By 4 P.M. Weitzel, with the Eighteenth Corps, had advanced beyond the Charles City Road, and reached the Williamsburg Road, not far from the "Seven Pines" battle-field. The enemy's line at this point appeared to be weakly defended, and two brigades were ordered to attempt it by assault. As they moved up to the breastworks they became exposed to a terrible cross-fire. Some of the column made good their retreat, but the greater part of the two brigades were captured. Four miles farther to the right Holman's colored division captured, at the same time, a redoubt mounting two guns. Orders were then given for the entire command to return to their intrenchments.

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

October 17 General Beauregard assumed command of the military division of the West. In an address issued on that occasion he says:

"The army of Sherman still defiantly holds Atlanta. He can and must be driven from it. It is only for the good people of Georgia and the surrounding States to speak the word, and the work is done. We have abundant provisions. There are men enough in the country liable to and able for the service to accomplish this result.

"To all such I earnestly appeal to report promptly to their respective commands, and let those who can not go see to it that none remain who are able to strike a blow in this critical and decisive hour. To those soldiers, if any, who are absent from their commands without leave, I appeal in the name of their brave comrades, with whom they have in the past so often shared the privations of the camp and the dangers of the battle-field, to return at once to their duty.

"To all such as shall report to their respective commands in response to this appeal within the next thirty days an amnesty is hereby granted. My appeal is to every one, of all classes and conditions, to come forward freely, cheerfully, and with good heart to the work that lies before us."

General Hood, after an unsuccessful attack on Decatur, Alabama, is reported to be crossing the Tennessee.

General Meridith, commanding at Paducah, has received intelligence from General Sherman that Forrest was meditating an attack on that place. Paducah is being put in a thorough state of defense.

General Gillem a few days since gained a victory over a portion of Breckinridge's forces in East Tennessee. He captured M'Clung's battery and 500 prisoners.

General Price still continues his retreat southward. Pleasanton, who has been engaged in pursuit, was injured a few days since by a fall from his horse.

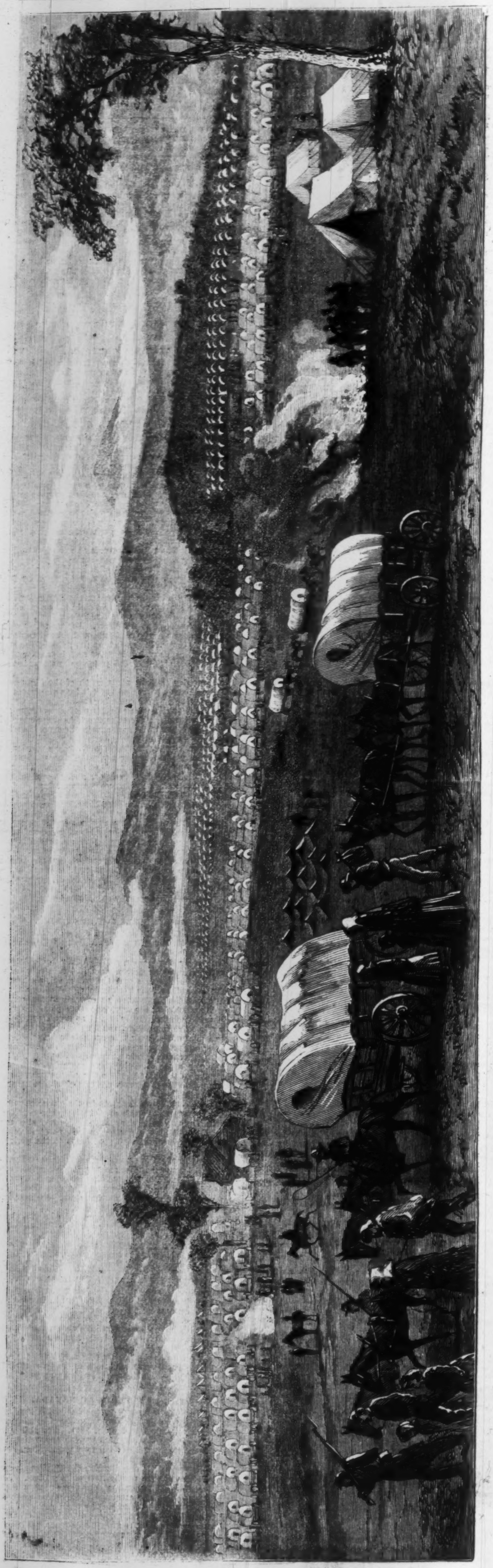
THE REBELS ARMING THEIR SLAVES.

The editor of the Southern *Confederacy*, a Georgian paper, in writing home to his paper, from Richmond, says: "The pressure brought upon the authorities here, favoring the arming of the blacks, has been too strong to resist. Hence it is with gratitude that I am able to state officially that arrangements are now being made to arm, for the spring campaign, three hundred thousand slaves, whose masters are to be compensated by the Confederate Government. The slaves thus armed are to have their freedom and fifty acres of land each, which insures them permanent homes in the South."

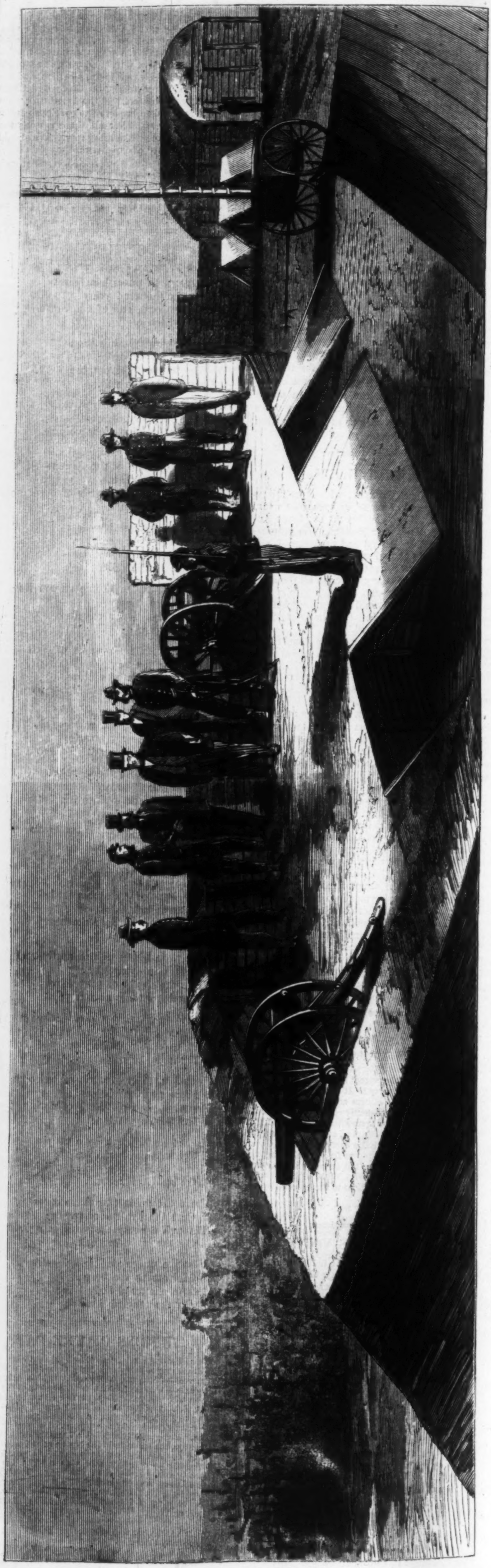
THE NEW STATE OF NEVADA.

The Territory of Nevada, which has just been admitted to the Union as a State, by proclamation of President Lincoln, was organized in March, 1861. For this purpose about ten thousand square miles were appropriated from the northern extremity of California, and about seventy thousand from Western Utah.

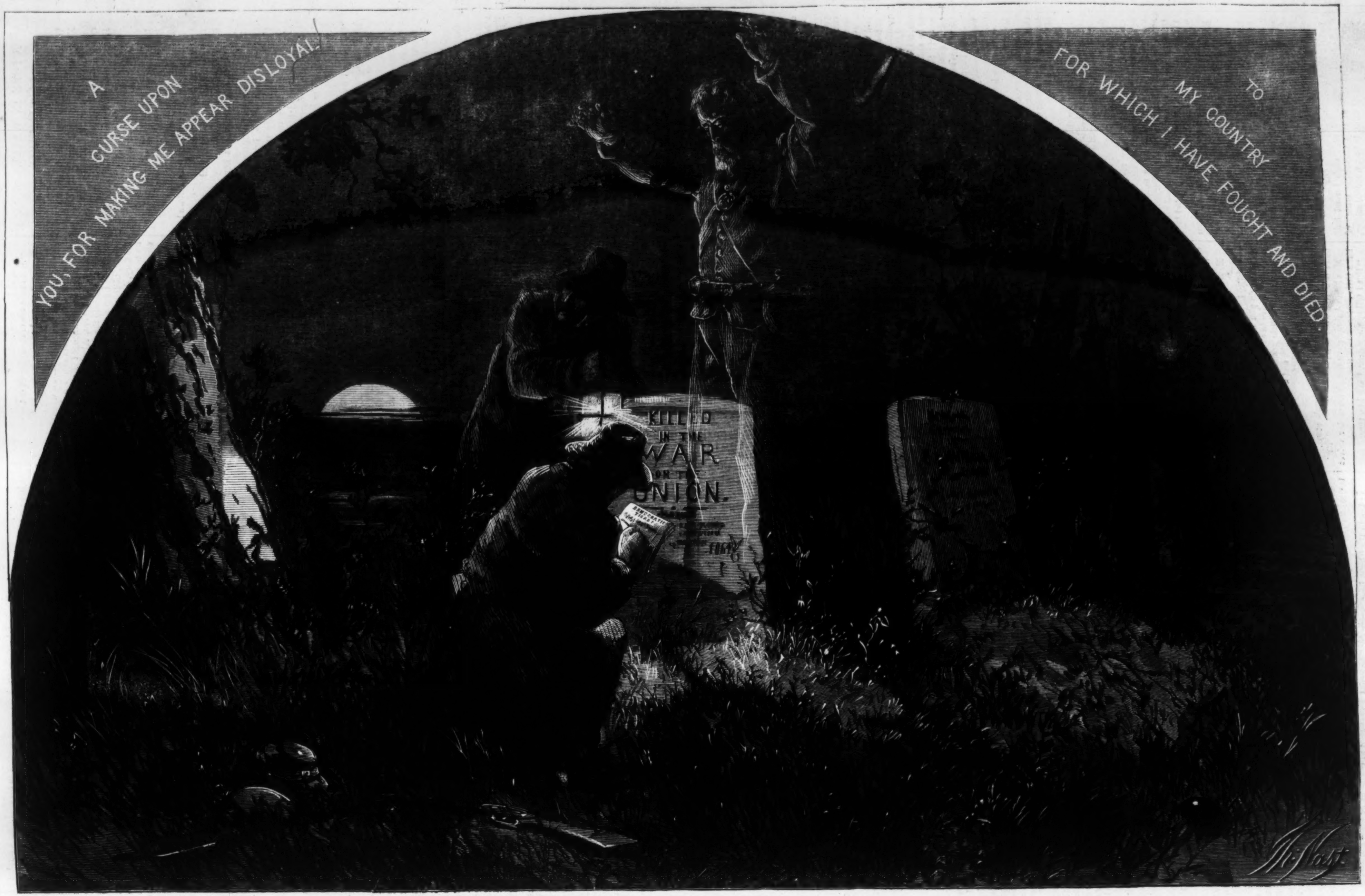
At the time of its organization the Territory possessed a population of very nearly 7000 white settlers. The development of her mineral resources was rapid and almost without parallel, and attracted a constant stream of immigration to the Territory. As the population has not been subject to the fluctuations from which other Territories have suffered, the growth of Nevada has been rapid and steady. At the general convention election of 1863 nearly 11,000 votes were cast; during the present year great accessions to the population have been made.



VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH—GENERAL SHERIDAN'S WAGON TRAINS AT EARLY MORNING.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]



SECRETARIES STANTON AND FESSENDEN VISITING GENERAL MEADE'S WORKS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, October 17, 1864.—Sketched by Charles H. Chapin.—[See Page 734.]


A CURSE UPON YOU, FOR MAKING ME APPEAR DISLOYAL.
TO MY COUNTRY FOR WHICH I HAVE FOUGHT AND DIED.
KILLED IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION.
Th. Nast

HOW THE COPPERHEADS OBTAIN THEIR VOTES.—[See First Page.]

A PICTURE IN WATER-COLORS.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

'Twas a bright expanse of water
Where the Quaker's gentle daughter
Every summer morning sought her
Bath of beauty, light, and grace;
Quite a fleet of drifted lilies
Danced above the mimic billows,
And a screen of drooping willows
Curtained close the bathing-place.

In my skiff at random floating,
Rod and line but little noting—
Ah! what subtle charm had boating
Since the bathing-place was known!
I across the lake was drifted,
While with life my fancy gifted
Every lily-shoulder lifted
White and dimpled as her own!

"Ah, how clear!" I muttered, eying
Many a colored pebble lying
Far below, and vainly trying
On some book to fix my thought;
"Now some good breeze hither winging,
Set yon silver curtain swinging—
Coolness to the bather bringing!"
But the good breeze answered not.

Homeward o'er the meadows tripping,
All the lovelier for her dipping,
Soon I saw the maiden skipping,
Who said gravely, when we met:
"Friend, thou'rt strangely fond of boating;"
And my weak heart quailed on noting
The malicious laughter floating
In the eyes of my coquette.

BUYING A RECRUIT.

THE slanting afternoon sunshine drew lines of moving gold across the velvet grass at Central Park—the air, just touched with a keen soupçon of coming frosts, was full of October sweetness; and the full tide of metropolitan fashion was rolling down the drive, while Jervis Bayne leaned against a rustic iron chair at the junction of two broad roads, and surveyed the "turn-outs" with a critical eye.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Mr. Payne, drearily, "it's rather tiresome work standing here, and not seeing a soul one knows. It's a dreadful bore not having any thing to do with one's self! I wish I was a rope-dancer—or a policeman—or one of those chaps in blue overalls, pegging away at the stone-wall on Fifth Avenue. I wish— Why, hallo, Maurice Almy, this is never you!"

For a stylish little carriage with one gentleman driving in front, and a solemn servant with folded arms occupying the back seat, conjointly with a velvet-topped crutch, had dashed close up to him with a sudden check.

"Whom else should it be?" demanded a clear, merry voice. "Jump up quick; these horses aren't feathers to hold in; and I feel quite conscious that two months in bed don't make a fellow any stronger than he was before! Are you all right? Then here goes!"

"But, Almy," stammered the astounded Jervis, "I thought you were laid up for all winter."

"Not I; it takes more than a chance bullet-hole to use me up."

"But your foot—"

"Oh, it's healing up all right. A little painful yet; and I rather imagine it will take more than two months of practice to convince myself that a crutch is better than a foot. However—"

"I suppose I must call you Major Almy now," said Payne, lightly touching the glittering insignia on his companion's broad shoulder. Almy's brow contracted.

"*Major* Almy, off duty for the rest of his life! Oh, if I were but the lowest private in my regiment, to be able to strike another blow for the cause I honor! See here, Jervis Payne! what are *you* doing at such a time as this? Why don't you enlist! Come! go in my vacant place!"

Jervis Payne shook his head with a calmness that was exquisitely irritating to the enthusiastic young officer.

"We don't look at the thing in the same light, Maurice."

"Jervis Payne, don't give me reason to suspect that you have joined the crew of Copperheads! Remember I'm strong enough yet to pitch you out of the carriage!"

Payne smiled.

"Gently, Almy; we shall both have our necks broken if you drive in that hap-hazard style!"

"Then I am to suppose you don't care a stiver for the country?"

"Oh yes; I love my country well enough," yawned Payne. "Don't I pay my income-tax, and give a quarter to every old impostor that comes along with an army-blue suit and a mile-long lie about the hospital he has just been discharged from? Of course I'm patriotic enough, and all that sort of thing; but that's no reason I should go and butt my head up against Jeff Davis's cannon!"

"And you call yourself a citizen of the American Republic?"

"I take that liberty."

"And avail yourself unblushingly of the privileges of a Government which you are unwilling to uphold?"

"Hold on there!—there are two sides to that argument, if you please. How very pretty Miss Aubrey looks to-night, and what a gracious smile she gave you! They say she's uncommonly sweet on you, Maurice—eh?"

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Major Almy, vexed to feel the blood mounting to his pale cheek.

"There!" pursued Payne, "she's turned half way round to look at that interesting crutch of yours. It's a great thing to be a wounded soldier, with plenty of money. But, as I was saying—"

"Yes, as you were saying—"

"What's the use of tramping off to the wars myself, when I've paid money enough to hire half a dozen Irishmen to stand up and be shot at."

"But we don't want money—we want men."

"Meaning that you want me. No, I thank you!"

"Jervis, I never thought you were a coward."

"Now, look here, Almy!" exclaimed Payne, roused at last into the semblance of energy, "that's not fair. I am not a red-hot fanatic on the subject of war, neither do I pretend to be. *You* are one of the fiery, dashing fellows that fairly enjoy marching up to a line of fixed bayonets. Fighting is your element—you like the fun!"

"The *fun*," repeated Almy, in a low, grave voice, glancing down at the bandaged stump that lay on a cushion close to the dash-board.

"Well, I mean, of course, the excitement of the thing. It is no sacrifice for *you* to turn soldier, and draw your pay in glory, trumpet blasts from all the papers, a major's shoulder-straps, and a bouquet for your sick room every day, with Miss Aubrey's card stuck into it. It's not so disagreeable to fight for one's country on such terms as those! But I mean to say that, when it came to any act of real, disagreeable self-denial, you wouldn't be any readier than I am. As I said before, it is a matter of personal taste. Let the country call upon Major Maurice Almy to saw wood or cut out army coats at a dollar a day for its benefit, and matters would wear altogether a different aspect!"

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"I should just like a fair trial—that's all!"

"Should you? Well, then, listen to me," said Payne, with the sneering smile that Almy particularly disliked: "You are an ingrain aristocrat, Maurice Almy, with fastidious tastes that a thousand years of soldier-life would only tend to deepen. Don't shake your head—I know you better than you know yourself. Now, I'm willing to make a bargain with you."

"State your terms."

"Do you know old Raeburn, the shoemaker?"

"Do I know him? No, I believe I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance; but I know whom you mean—an old Jew of a fellow, whom the ladies rather like to patronize, in —— Street!"

"Old Raeburn is very much in want of a clerk in his store, to sell shoe-strings, count the cash, and keep his accounts, besides doing any other dirty work that comes uppermost."

"Is he? What the mischief is that to me?"

"Just this. If you will take the position and fulfill its duties, just for one day—"

"Me! In Isaac Raeburn's store!"

"—I will enlist the next day," pursued Payne, with a smile that betokened how little probability he saw his proposal being for an instant entertained.

"Now we shall see whether Major Maurice Almy really loves his country any better than I do!"

"You're in earnest?" asked Almy, turning round so as to look full into his companion's sarcastic eye.

"Of course I am."

"Well, then, agreed! When do my duties commence?"

"Not just yet, of course—your foot—"

"Oh, hang my foot! Say next week?"

"Yes; but mind you, this is a secret between us. You go in as Raeburn's *bona fide* clerk, not as a knight of romance, fulfilling some rash vow."

"All right; I'll be silent as the grave."

"You'll never screw up courage to face your fashionable acquaintance behind old Raeburn's counter. It's a capital joke now, but it will lose its point when the time comes. I am quite safe."

Almy laughed and touched up his horses as they dashed into Bloomingdale Road.

"Mind," ejaculated Payne, as he dismounted from the carriage, "it is to be a whole day."

"Two, if you like."

"No, one will be sufficient; I merely wish to test the point." And he walked away, mentally chuckling to think how neatly he had cornered the haughty young officer, whose mustache and horses were the best "gotten up" in Central Park.

"Maurice, what on earth have you been doing to yourself? Where's your uniform? Why do you wear that absurd old gray suit?"

Mary Almy held up both hands in dismay. Maurice himself was scarcely less disconcerted; he had not reckoned on this rencounter.

"My dear Polly, I thought you were safely packed off for three weeks in Albany!"

"But I had to come back for my reticule. There's no hurry; I sha'n't miss the train. Seriously, Maurice, what is the meaning of this masquerade?"

"Only one of my idiosyncrasies, as Carrie Dewey used to say. Poor little Carrie! I wonder what has ever become of her! I think she was the prettiest little creature I ever saw."

Mary Almy's face grew grave; she had hoped her brother had forgotten the boy-and-girl-attachment of four ago, broken abruptly off by the worldly-wise guardians, who thought that Carrie Dewey's blue eyes were scarcely an equivalent for the wealth of the Almys.

"Nonsense, Maurice! Why, Parker will be ashamed to drive you out!"

"I should be sorry to hurt Parker's delicate feelings; but fortunately I am not going to order the carriage; I shall take an omnibus."

"With your foot!"

Maurice put his hand caressingly on his sister's arm—

"Polly, how many of the wounded men in our regiment do you suppose keep a carriage? And yet they contrive to exist very comfortably."

Mary made a little grimace; but she remembered the railroad time-table, and hurried down stairs, greatly to her brother's relief.

"Major Almy a clerk in Raeburn's store! I don't believe a word of it!"

Miss Edith Aubrey gave the plume on her velvet hat a little contemptuous toss.

"But I tell you, my dear, I saw him there," said Mrs. Melville, delighted at having come into possession of such an invaluable morsel of gossip, "selling a box of corn-plaster to old Dr. Jeffreys. You may depend on it their fine fortune has all blown up—how true it is that riches have wings! After all Mary Almy's airs and graces, to think of her brother in a shoe-store!"

"But isn't he entitled to some sort of pension?"

"My dear, the Almys are just the kind of people to refuse any such trifling help from Government, and rely entirely on their own exertions. As proud as Lucifer, you know. Ah! me—the changes in this world! Wouldn't you like to go round there, Edith? I left my glove on purpose."

Maurice Almy was secretly consulting his watch, and marveling at the slow motion of its hour-hand, when Mr. Raeburn's shrill, cracked voice summoned him with a comical air of authority.

"Young man, young man, I say! you'll never learn the shoe-trade correct if you stand dawdlin' there. Just look on the shelf under the counter, and give me a pair of them No. 8 calf-skins!"

Maurice stooped with some difficulty, laughing mentally at his own vexation as he did so. The next moment he started nervously as Miss Aubrey's low voice, on the other side of the counter, reached his ear.

"Of course there never was any thing more than a flirtation between us. Fancy *me* being tied for life to a poor soldier with only one foot!"

"Well," responded Mrs. Melville, "you know people *will* talk, and—" She stopped abruptly, and touched her companion's elbow. "There he is!—do you suppose he heard us, Edith?"

Miss Aubrey's cheeks were like scarlet as she acknowledged Almy's bow with the least possible nod.

"I left a glove here, I believe," began Mrs. Melville. "Oh, thank you; that's all!"

And the two ladies beat rather an ignominious retreat, while Maurice looked after them with a curious smile.

"Please, Sir, mammy wants a pair o' leather shoe-strings. How much be they?" asked a ragged elf whose eyes were just on a level with the counter.

Maurice turned the box of leather strings dubiously this way and that.

"Five cents; I believe they are marked."

"Oh dear!" lamented the little one, "and I ain't got but four!"

"Never mind—it's all right," returned the clerk, absently, tossing the little paper parcel across the counter.

"All right! It's all wrong, *I* say!" croaked Raeburn, turning livid with wrath, as he scrambled out of his high desk, just in time to see the ragged calico skirts disappearing down the street. "Why didn't you send her home for t'other penny? What d'ye mean by sellin' our first-class articles under price?"

"Really, Sir," said Almy, coloring, "I didn't suppose it was of so much importance."

"Dear me, dear me!" groaned the old man; "you'll never answer my purpose in the world. I took you in just to oblige Mr. Payne, and out o' charity—'tisn't every man who would employ a clerk who has to go on a crutch—and this is the way you scatter my money. Now, I jest give you fair warnin'; you've got to toe the mark a little straighter if—"

He broke off, and shuffled smilingly down the store to attend a customer, while Maurice Almy checked a strong impulse to resign his post by a still stronger recollection of the recruit he was purchasing.

"Not twelve o'clock yet! Will the day *never* come to an end?" he pondered, slowly obeying the imperious gesture of his employer, and advancing to meet a pale-looking girl in a shabby black dress, who crept meekly up to the counter.

"Are my shoes mended yet?" she asked, without looking up. "The name was Dewey."

"Carrie!"

She started, with a wild, frightened glance.

"Mr. Almy!"

The ubiquitous Raeburn pushed forward a pair of worn little gaiters, embellished with a black leather patch on the side.

"Fifteen cents," was his brief commentary.

Maurice took up the quarter which Carrie laid down, and his cheek flushed as he laid it in the money drawer, and returned a dingy ten-cent stamp.

"Don't go yet, Carrie," he pleaded, inwardly execrating the fate that kept him a prisoner in the dark little store. "Tell me where you are, and what you are doing."

"I live in W—— Street," said Carrie, venturing to lift her blue eyes to Maurice's face, "and I am coloring photographs. And you?"

"As you see," he returned, "I am a clerk in a shoe store."

She paused and hesitated a moment; then spoke in a hurried, embarrassed tone as her eye rested on his worn coat and pallid features.

"Oh, Maurice!" she said; "you don't like to tell me all, but I see it nevertheless. You are lame, and look sick, and I am afraid you are in want. We read in the papers about how you were wounded, but I never thought you could be poor. We are very poor too, but I have a little money laid up. Oh, Maurice! if you would only take it for the sake of old times. Indeed, indeed I don't want it."

Maurice felt a choking sensation in his throat as he looked into the shy, lovely face, flushed with its pitying earnestness of appeal.

"No, you dear little Fairy Bountiful," he said, trying to speak lightly, "I don't want your hard-earned money; but I may want something else one of these days."

"What, Maurice?"

"Can't you guess?"

She turned away with a fresh glow on her cheek, and tripped out of the store, holding the worn little gaiters tightly under her shawl, while Maurice found it harder than ever to sell shoe-strings, rubber sandals, and cork-soles to his master's satisfaction.

At length the "long, long, weary day" darkened into night, and Mr. Raeburn, whose monthly gas-bills were sharper to his soul than a serpent's tooth, prepared to close his establishment.

Maurice Almy was counting up the day's receipts, with his employer's sharp face close to his shoulder, when Jervis Payne came in.

"Well, old fellow!" was his greeting.

"Well, Payne. Thirty-seven dollars seven and sixpence, Sir."

"Yes, all right, young man. You'll be here early in the morning?"

"He won't return, Mr. Raeburn," said Payne. "I'm much obliged to you for giving him the day's trial, but I hardly think you'll suit each other."

Mr. Raeburn stared as the two young men left the store. It was a problem beyond his powers of solution.

"Almy," ejaculated Payne, as they passed into the cheerful glare of Broadway, "you've got more back-bone than I had any idea of."

"Thank you," returned Almy, dryly.

"I give up. I confess myself fairly defeated. I'll enlist to-morrow morning. Tell me, though, wasn't it a hard day's work?"

"Rather; but I have done harder."

"You have gained your recruit, old fellow," said Payne, with rather a dolorous accent.

"I have gained something else too."

"What, pray?"

"Never mind just now. Perhaps I'll tell you one of these days. Jervis Payne," he added, with singular emphasis, "you have done me the greatest favor I ever received in my life through this odd freak of yours."

"Well, it *was* an odd idea," owned Payne, frankly. "I never supposed you'd have the nerve and resolution to carry it through. How you have set the women's tongues wagging, to be sure! Edith Aubrey is going round from place to place telling people that there never was any engagement between you."

"She is quite right; and she might add that there never will be!" said Almy, compressing his lips, while in his eyes there sparkled a depth of quiet scorn that Payne had never before seen.

"Won't she start, though, to-morrow, when she sees you driving in Central Park, with old Parker sitting up behind stiffer than a ramrod!" exclaimed Payne, bursting into a laugh. "I'd give a nice little sum to see her face."

People had not got through marveling at the unaccountable enlistment of Jervis Payne when the sudden marriage of Major Almy supplied them with fresh material for wonder. And when Private Payne, just come in from picket duty among the piny solitudes of a lonely mountain camp, received a long letter containing the wedding-cards of Maurice Almy and Carrie Dewey, he guessed shrewdly at the "something else" which Maurice had gained on the eventful day when he bought his recruit.

FALSE HOPE.

GOD save me from mine enemy,
I pray we ne'er may meet again.
She has been worse than foe to me:
And yet, if we should meet again
I should believe her to my bane.

She has been worse than foe to me,
With promised love and present pain,
Till love seem'd only injury,
And troth was known to be in vain:
I did believe her, to my bane.

Her clear eyes look'd so lovingly,
She clung with such a hearty strain,
Her lips—so sweet, so sweet to me—
Left upon mine a poison blain:
I did believe her, to my bane.

She has been worse than foe to me:
Yet I should love her o'er again
If we should meet—dear Injury!
Men call her Hope—but she is Pain.
Pray God we may not meet again!

A ROMANCE OF LIMA.

MANY years ago a young Englishman, a medical student named Astley, went to Lima. The love of adventure was strong upon him, and all he met with in his own country was too tame to satisfy it. Proud of the profession for which he was studying, and trusting to it for subsistence, strong and healthy in body and in mind, he left England with a bold heart, and this was the life he led, and what came of it.

At a time when the difficulty of procuring subjects for anatomical study was very great, and when to procure them honestly was impossible, as the prejudice against dissection was so strong that no one was willing to submit the body of any one connected with him to examination, it is well known that there were men who made it their business to obtain, at no small risk, bodies, generally those of the newly-buried, which they sold to surgeons, medical students, or indeed to any one who stood in need of the ghastly commodity.

This class, known as "body snatchers" and "resurrection men," has died out, since there is happily now little prejudice against what has been triumphantly proved to be a necessary branch of scientific study; but at the time of our story their hideous work was a thriving and profitable one.

Richard Astley, in common with the rest of the profession, availed himself of their services, and many times in the black night his door was opened to those who did not knock, but who were expected and waited for, and who, entering silently, stealthily deposited a dread burden upon the table prepared for its reception. Old and young, men, women, and children, all in turn lay upon that grim table, and Astley's skillful instruments cut their way to secrets that were destined to benefit the living.

Though he was not hard-hearted, it was not unnatural that in time he should grow so much accustomed to the sight of his "subjects" as to feel nothing but a momentary pity as he put aside the clustering curls of infancy, or uncovered the face of a man struck down in the glory of his years.

One night, as many nights before, the stealthy visit was paid, and Astley took his lamp to examine the new subject. Neither strong man nor tender child this time, but a young and beautiful woman. The dead face was so lovely that it did not seem possible that light in the closed eyes, and color in the pale lips and cheeks, could make it lovelier. The fair hair had fallen back, and gave no shade to the white brow, and the long fair lashes lay in a thick fringe upon the violet-tinted underlids.

She was very tall and slender, and her hands—one of which hung down as she lay upon the table—were long and perfectly shaped. As Astley lifted the hand to lay it on her breast, he thought how beautiful it must once have been, since now, when there was not the faintest rose-tint to relieve the deathly pallor of it, it was so exquisite. She wore one garment, a long flannel shroud, very straitly made, through which scanty drapery the outline of her slender limbs was distinctly visible, and below which her delicate feet were seen, bare to the ankle.

Astley was troubled as he had never been before. The idea of treating this beautiful corpse as he had done all others brought to him in like manner was repulsive to him, and he recoiled from it as from the thought of sacrilege. But how could he rid himself of the lovely incubus? It was possible that the men who had brought it might be bribed to take it back again, and if they should refuse—but he was incapable of distinct thought upon the subject, and could only determine that in any case the beautiful *thing* before him should be treated with reverence and respect. He gently covered it from head to foot with a long white cloth, and locking the door of communication between his bedroom and the room in which it lay, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, for the night was nearly gone.

But his sleep was broken, and his dreams were feverish, and in some way all connected with what lay in the next room. Now it seemed to him that *it* glided in through the locked door, with hands folded on its breast, and eyes still fast closed, and stood by his bedside; and now the dream was that he had opened a vein in one of the delicate arms, and that warm, living blood poured fast from it; and finally he woke with a cry of horror from a ghastly dream that he had entered the room, and found that some unknown hand had anticipated him in the work of dissection.

The horror was upon him after he woke to know it was a dream, and opening the door he looked in upon the table. No change there of any kind. The long sheeted figure lay in the half light of dawn as he had seen it in the lamplight, very straight and still.

It was not until nearly noon that Astley raised the covering to look once again upon the beautiful dead face, and when he did so he saw with wonder, not unmixed with terror, that a change had come upon it. He could not tell what it might be; the deathly pallor was there still, but in some way the face was not the same. He looked into it long and curiously. Surely a change had passed over the eyes, for though they were still fast shut, they looked now as though closed in sleep rather than in death. He lifted an eyelid tenderly with his finger; there was not death in the eye; unconsciousness, trance, there might be, but not death.

He was certain now that she was not dead, though he could find no life in her pulses. For hours he strove to call back the spirit, until at length color returned, and warmth, and life, and she lay before him sleeping tranquilly like a child. He had placed her on his bed, and now sat by her side with a throbbing heart to await her awakening.

She slept so long, and in the waning light looked so pale that he feared she was again about to fall into the strange deathly trance from which he had with so much difficulty recovered her. In his terror of that he cried out for her to awake, and the sound of his cry awoke her with a start.

He had prepared a speech that was to calm and reassure her when she woke bewildered to find herself so strangely clothed and lodged; but she no more needed calming and reassuring than an infant too young to know its mother from any other woman. She looked round with a wondering gaze that was almost infantine, and her eye resting upon Astley she sat up in the bed and asked him in his own language for food. It was evident that she had no recollection of illness, and neither anxiety nor curiosity as to her present position.

She ate the food which was brought to her with appetite, and would have risen from the bed, apparently unconscious that she wore no garment but a shroud, had not Astley persuaded her to lie down and sleep again.

He left her sleeping, and went to another room profoundly puzzled. Here was this beautiful woman, ignorant, and almost helpless as a child, thrown upon him for protection, as it was clear that she did not remember any thing which would lead to the discovery of her friends. It was possible that her senses had left her altogether, never to return; the lovely creature might be a harmless idiot all the rest of her days. Her speaking English was another puzzle. She might be an Englishwoman—her beauty was certainly of the Saxon type—or she might only have learned the English language; but if so, how came that knowledge to have been retained when all else seemed gone?

His perplexity was interrupted by the entrance of the cause of it. She stood at the door wrapped round in one of the bed coverings, looking at him with a sweet, childish, vacant expression that was touching in its helplessness. "I must call her something," he thought, as she stood apparently waiting for him to speak; "her name shall be Mary."

"Are you better, Mary, and will you sit in this chair?"

She paid no attention to the inquiry, but took the offered seat, and began silently rocking herself to and fro. It had such a ghostly effect to see her there by the lamplight, robed in the long white drapery, with her beautiful face still pale, though no longer deathly, rocking herself in silence, that Astley felt a sensation very like fear thrill through him. He must do something, for he could not bear this. He took up a book, the first that came to hand—it was an English one—and offered it to her, asking if she would like to read.

She took it with a childlike smile, and laying it open upon her knees began to flutter the leaves backward and forward, playing idly with them.

"Good Heavens!" said Astley to himself, "she is mad, imbecile at any rate; I must do something with her."

But it was impossible to think with her before him, and, taking her by the hand, he said:

"Now, Mary, you must go back to bed, and to-morrow—"

She did not wait for the end of the sentence, but rose at once to do as she was bidden, threw down the book, and letting fall the coverlet that had enveloped her, walked quietly back to the inner room.

Astley fastened the door, and felt as if he were going mad from sheer bewilderment. She must have clothes the very first thing, and how were they to be procured without taking some one into his confidence? Even if he knew where to go for them, he knew nothing of what a woman's clothes should be. It was evident then that some one must be told of the extraordinary adventure, and it was equally evident that it must be a woman in whom he confided, as he required practical help of a kind no man could give him.

The morning dawned before he could arrange any settled plan, and finally he decided that he could not if he would rid himself of the charge of her, therefore she should remain in his house, and he would tell all to the woman who acted as his housekeeper, who chanced to be absent at the time, but whose return he was expecting that very day. He would bind her to secrecy by the most solemn oath he could devise, and if she failed to keep it, why—at any rate he was in a terrible scrape, and this seemed the best thing to be done. The woman returned early in the day, and Astley at once told all, and implored her assistance. To his great relief she agreed at once to do all that lay in her power for the unhappy girl, and a few arrangements made, Astley left the house for the day, determined to shake off the unpleasant impression which the whole thing had made upon him.

Returning at night he found Mary comfortably clothed, and looking less pale and ill. His housekeeper told him that she had been dressed like a child, having apparently no idea of assisting herself at all.

It would be impossible to describe minutely how intelligence dawned and grew swiftly in the poor girl's mind. It was not a gradual growth from infancy, but came in fitful snatches. The greatest change came first, when her face brightened from its sweet, blank vacancy of expression at Astley's approach, and then she began to wait upon him like a loving child. He devoted himself to her very tenderly, almost as a mother devotes herself to her child, and with infinite patience taught her to read and to write. She learned also to sew, and was not unskillful in such woman's craft; but what he taught her was learned quickest, best.

Two years passed, and Mary had developed so rapidly that she was much like other women in knowledge and acquirements, but she had no memory of any thing before her trance. Astley told her the whole story, and urged her to try to recall something of the time before; but it was in vain, her memory was clean gone. And the present time was so happy that they cared little for the past. She was something belonging so entirely to him, even her life she owed to his care, and loved him so intensely, there being no one in the world whom she knew or loved beside, that he could not fail to be very happy; and the mystery of the bond between them enhanced its charm.

They were married, and still she lived in the same privacy as before; her husband and his love sufficed for every thing, and she shrank from entering a world of which she knew nothing. Astley's acquaintance had long ago decided that if he was not mad, he was at least eccentric enough to make his society undesirable, and had fallen off one by one, leaving him none but a professional circle. He had the reputation of being skillful, and his practice was a large one; his spare hours were devoted to his home, which was his heaven.

Two more years passed, years of the most perfect happiness. Mary differed now in nothing from other women, save for that blank existence of more than twenty years. Her memory of that time never returned. She lived entirely within doors; Astley had one evening taken her for a walk, and the unaccustomed sights and sounds of the streets had terrified her so much that he never repeated the experiment.

At times a longing to introduce his beautiful wife to his old friends and relatives in England was very strong, but the difficulties of explanation, or of deceit, which it would involve, combined with her extreme aversion to the project, always prevailed, and the idea was dismissed as the thing was impossible.

Six years had passed since the eventful night when Mary had been brought as dead to Astley's door, when walking one day in the streets of the city, he met an old friend whom he had not seen since his departure from England. The recognition was mutual, and Astley insisted upon his friend's returning with him to dinner. The invitation was cordially given and willingly accepted, and thinking to surprise Mr. Holt by the sudden sight of his wife's loveliness, he said nothing of his being married, picturing to himself what his astonishment would be when he saw her.

Though he had anticipated some evidence of surprise, he was quite unprepared for the excess of emotion displayed by Mr. Holt upon his introduction to Mrs. Astley. The color left his face for a moment, and then returning violently dyed it crimson, and the words of acknowledgment were stammered out almost unintelligibly. Recovering his composure by a strong effort he offered his arm to lead Mrs. Astley to dinner, but she quietly declined it, laying her hand upon her husband's. During the whole time of dinner Mr. Holt scarcely moved his eyes from Mary's face, who did not seem at all disturbed by his intense gaze, and took no notice of her guest beyond what hospitality demanded.

Astley's suspicions were excited long before the meal was ended, and his heart took a jealous leap as he thought it possible that his friend was falling in love with his beautiful wife. He cursed the impulse that had induced him to bring Holt home with him, and busily invented excuses for ridding himself of his guest as soon as was possible.

Holt's agitation increased to positive illness before long, and rising, he asked Astley to accompany him to another room. He was scarcely able to walk, and Astley took him by the arm and asked if he were ill.

"Ill!" he groaned. "I wish I were dead."

He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"You'll think me a fool, Astley, but the likeness of your wife to mine has overcome me."

"Are you married, then?" said Astley. "I did not know."

"I was married eight years ago. I married an English girl with your wife's hair and eyes; her height, too, and with her sweet voice. I brought her over here directly after our marriage, and we lived the happiest life in the world for two years—and then she died."

Astley was silent. He could think of no words of consolation that would not be a mockery to a man who had lost such a wife as Mary.

"Died," Holt continued, after a pause "while I was away from her. I had gone a three days' journey, leaving her in perfect health, and I returned to find that she had died suddenly immediately after my departure, and was already buried."

"How long ago?" asked Astley, hoarsely. A horrible light was breaking in upon him.

"Six years. I left Lima the following day. I never even visited her grave, but returned to England at once; and now, after these years, I find your wife so like her in every feature that my old wound is torn open afresh, and the intolerable anguish has made me cry out in this way."

Astley started up and laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder with a grasp like a vice. His voice was harsh and dry, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring.

"Holt, for God's sake let us do nothing rashly! Come with me to your wife's grave, and let us be very sure."

Holt looked up and saw all in Astley's face.

"Speak," he shouted; "she *is* my wife! Tell me how you met her; speak quickly while I can hear you, for there is the sound of a cataract in my ears that deafens me!"

And he fell in a swoon at Astley's feet.

He might have died in it for all Astley could do to revive him. He stood blindly staring at the pale face, but was incapable of so much as holding out a hand to him.

Holt came to himself before long, and rising up haggard and wild, repeated his demand that Astley should tell him where he had met his wife.

And he did tell him, sparing nothing; saying plainly out that she had been brought to him by the body snatchers as a subject; that she had lain as dead upon his table for a night, sheeted and shrouded like a corpse.

"And you dared—" burst in Holt, who was almost beside himself.

"I saved her life," said Astley, gently; he had softened as he thought of that restoration. "Will you come with me to the grave that we may be very sure?"

"No, no, no," Holt moaned; the fury was passing away, and giving place to a dull sorrow. "I can bear no more. It is as certain, more certain than death, that your wife is mine. God help us!"

Which of the men was the most to be pitied?

There were some moments of horrible silence, in which each heard the beating of his heart like a heavy drum. Holt spoke again.

"Ask Edith to come here. Surely she can not have forgotten me."

"Mary—I call her Mary. It will only distress her. I give you my word of honor she has no memory of any thing before the trance."

But when he saw the passion in Holt's face he judged it best for his sake that she should come. Since he chose to hear from her own mouth what he had refused to believe from his friend's, he should do so.

She came quickly at the sound of the loved voice and glided into the room, looking like an angel of peace between two evil spirits. She stopped short as she caught sight of Astley's face all drawn and set with the effort to suppress his emotion, and then threw her arms round his neck with a cry of love and terror.

But he unwound her arms, and for the first time drew back from her embrace.

"Mary, my love"—Holt's eyes flashed fire at the tender words and tones—"tell me, tell Mr. Holt, if you remember any thing in your life before you awoke from your trance in this house?"

"I do not," she said; "I remember nothing. I have said so many times."

"Swear it," cried Holt.

"I swear it," she said, "by my husband, Richard Astley."

Poor Holt! He threw himself at her feet, clasping her knees, and crying passionately:

"Oh, Edith! have you forgotten me, your husband, David Holt? Oh, my darling, you must remember me, and how happy we were for that short two years!"

But she broke from his grasp, and threw herself into Astley's arms, crying out:

"Send him away! What does he mean? Send him away!' She was pale and trembling with terror.

"Let her go!" shouted Holt, or by—"

The oath was interrupted by Astley.

"Holt, God knows I will try to do what is right, and for her sake I ask you to be calm." He placed her in a chair, where she sat weeping for very fright, and went on.

"You shall say all you can to bring the past to her memory, and if she can remember you in the faintest degree I will give up my claim to yours. But if she does not—oh, Holt, I saved her life!" The struggle was an awful one, and shook him as the wind shakes a reed.

"You tell her," said Holt, bitterly; "perhaps she will believe what you say. At any rate, she will listen to it."

It was hard to begin the cruel task; yet for her sake he undertook it, his voice trembling, though he tried with all his will to steady it.

"Mary, love, listen. You know that you must have lived more than twenty years before you were brought here that night."

"I do not know," she said; "I can not remember."

"But it must have been so, for you were a woman then."

"I can not understand," she repeated. "I have no recollection of any thing before."

Astley turned to Holt with a look of agony. "You see how it is; let us end this torture."

"Give me my wife!" said Holt, fiercely.

"You will not take her," Astley cried, as the thought of his doing so against her will struck him for the first time.

"She is mine," said Holt. "Go on; tell her the whole story. If she does not understand it, she will believe it when you tell it to her." The sneer with which the words were spoken was a cruel one, but misery had made him cruel, and he scarcely knew what he said or did.

And Astley told her all in a few words. She looked bewildered.

"It must be true if you say so, but I can not recollect; and oh, Astley, I love only you."

"She must come with me," shouted Holt, savagely. The demon had got the better of him, and the poor wretch, mad with jealous pain, spoke bitter and unjust words, that made the terrified woman cling more closely to Astley for protection.

The scene must be ended for her sake, and Astley besought Holt to leave them till the next day, when, if they could but decide upon what was right it should be done. For her sake, too, he condescended to plead with the frantic man; and seeing that Mary had fainted in his arms, he laid her down, and led Holt from the room, that the sight of her might no longer madden him. His rage died out from simple exhaustion, and throwing himself into a chair he wept like a child.

Astley roused him. "Holt, be a man. This is an awful tragedy: I wish to Heaven I had died rather than played my part in it. There are not upon the earth two men so broken-hearted as you and I. Let us accept what is inevitable, but let us spare what anguish we can to that unhappy woman. Leave me now, and to-morrow I will see you again."

Holt rose passively. "You are nobler than I," he said, as he turned to go.

It seemed to Astley that his grief was but beginning when he tried to explain the whole thing clearly to Mary. The torture of putting it into words was so intense that all before was nothing compared with it. And when at length she comprehended, and asked him if he wished her to leave him, even that agony seemed slight contrasted with what he endured in telling her that he believed she ought to do so.

Loving as she was, she could not comprehend the sacrifice to duty which Astley was striving to make, and her thorough ignorance of the world rendered it impossible to make her understand what her position would be if she remained where she was. And yet this was a case—so Astley tried to persuade himself—so extraordinary, so different from any thing that had ever been in the world before, that no law, human or divine, could apply to it. But above all the thought rose dominant, that by whatever mystery of unconsciousness deprived of memory, she was still Holt's wife and not his, and with this thought piercing him like a sharp sword, he said that he believed she ought to leave him.

She rose up, cold and proud in a moment, and would have left him then, but at the threshold her spirit failed, and she turned again to throw herself at his feet, with tears and sobs.

Night has veiled many sights of woe, the clouds of night have many times been pierced by cries of anguish, bitter cries for faith and patience, going up above the stars right to the feet of God, but night never shrouded deeper woe than this, bitterer cries never pierced the shuddering darkness.

When morning dawned they were both very calm and still. Their tears were shed, and their eyes were dry. He had decided for the right, though his heart was broken in the conflict; and she, woman like, had accepted the right, not because it was so, but because he said it was so.

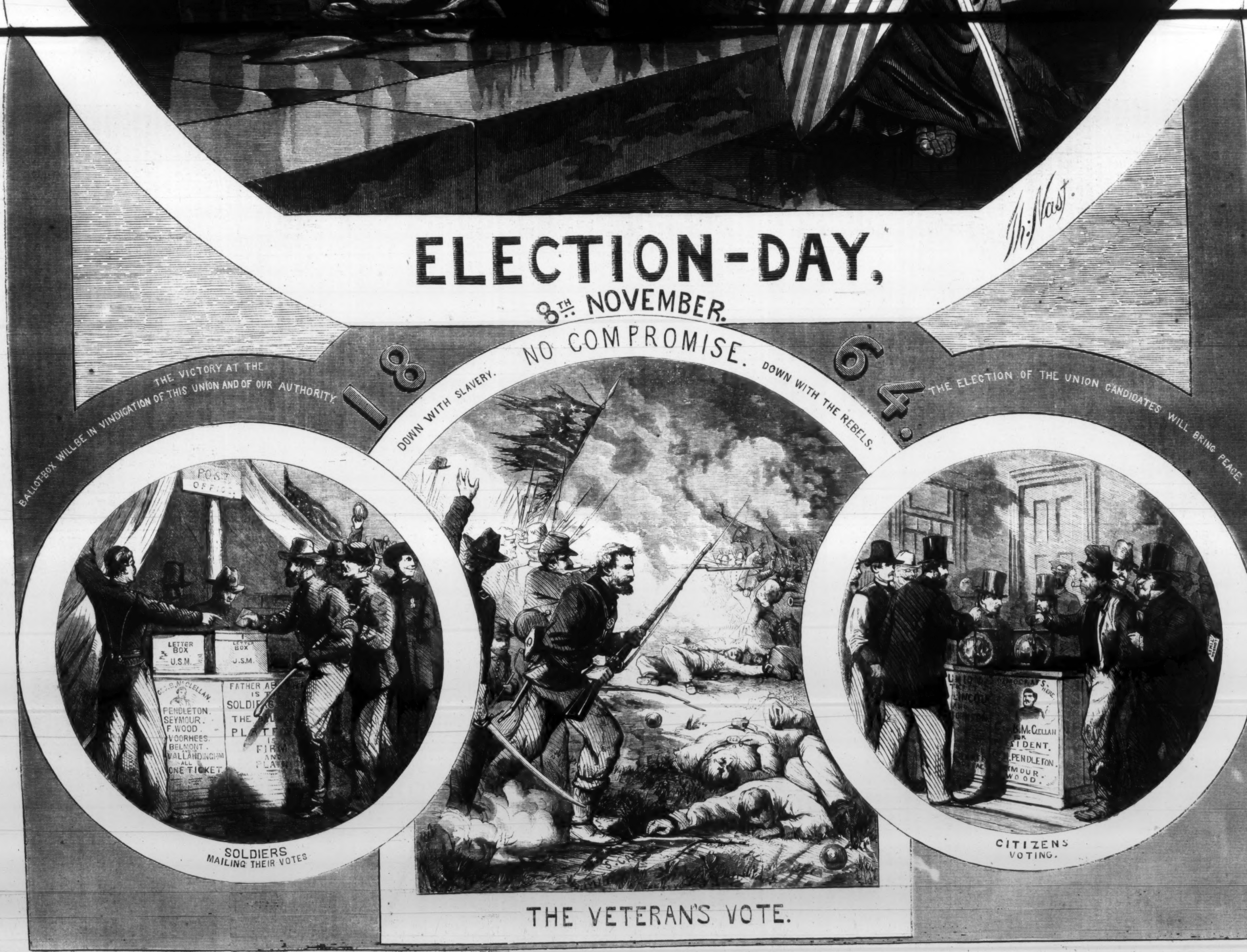
"I shall die," she said, in a voice from which all passion had departed. "I can bear no more and live, but I can bear even this and die."

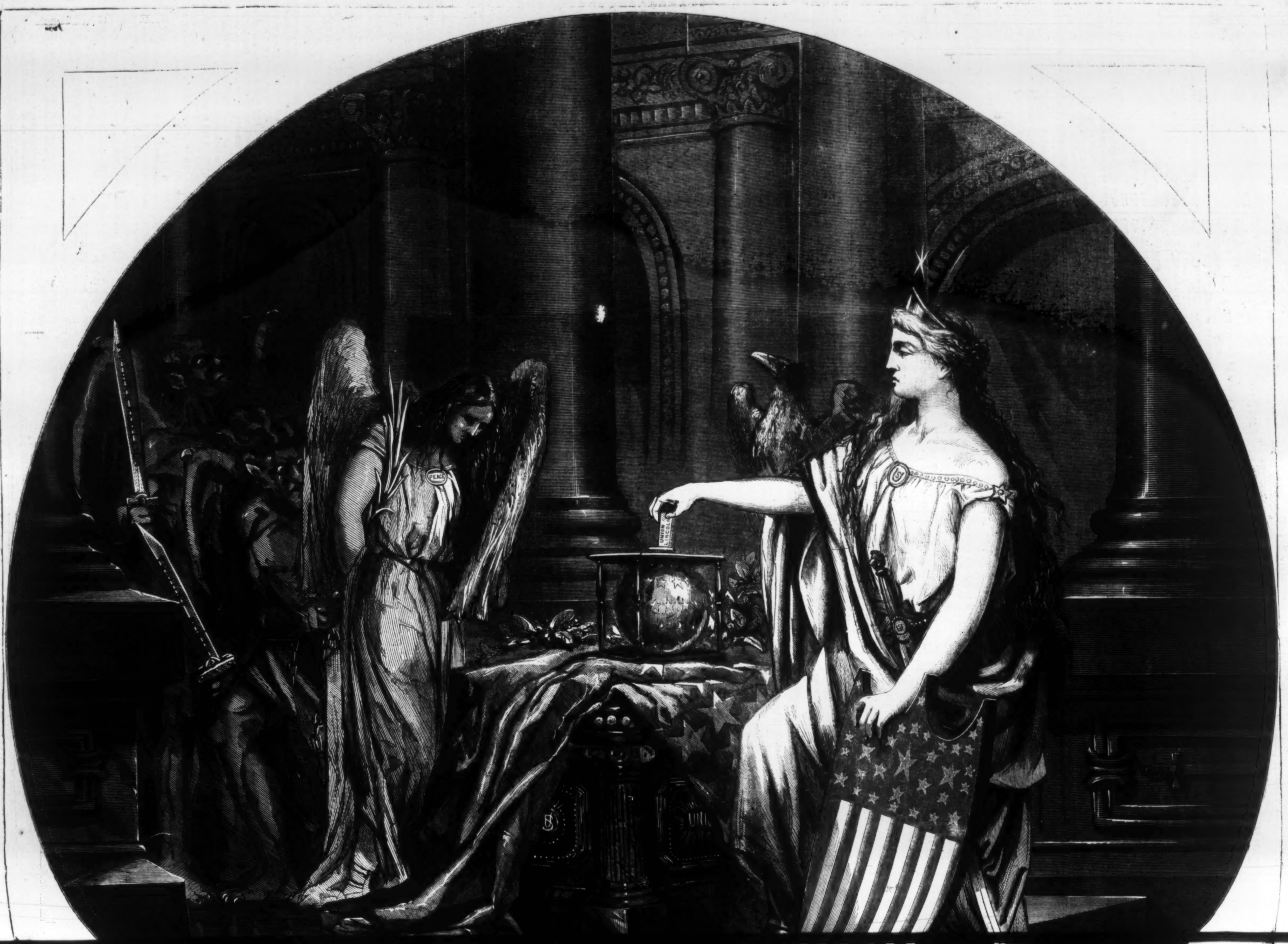
Who can describe that parting? When the sun set, it was upon Astley broken-hearted and alone. Holt had taken away his wife.

Seven days passed, and Astley never left his desolate home. He made no distinction of day or night, but lay down to sleep—if the stupor which from time to time rendered him unconscious could be so called—at any hour that sleep came to him.

At the close of the seventh day he tried for the first time to look his fate boldly in the face. "I am not dead," he said, "therefore it is clear that this grief will not kill me." That night he undressed and went to bed.

The night six years ago, when the sheeted figure lay upon the table, and he dreamed fantastic dreams of terror connected with it, came to mind more distinctly than it had ever done before. His sleep was broken and feverish, and haunted by wild dreams. Twice he awoke feeling certain that he had heard a knocking at the door, and twice he slept again when he found that all was silent. But he awoke a third time in the gray dawn and heard the sound again, a feeble knocking at the outer door, which ceased suddenly. He rose, determined to ascertain the cause; he unbarred and opened the door, and there fell forward across the threshold the dead body of Mary.


Th: Nast
ELECTION-DAY,
8th NOVEMBER.
1864.
NO COMPROMISE.
DOWN WITH SLAVERY.
DOWN WITH THE REBELS.
THE VICTORY AT THE BALLOT-BOX WILLBE IN VINDICATION OF THIS UNION AND OF OUR AUTHORITY.
THE ELECTION OF THE UNION CANDIDATES WILL BRING PEACE.
POST OFFICE
LETTER BOX U.S.M.
LETTER BOX U.S.M.
GEN. B. McCLELLAN. PENDLETON. SEYMOUR. F.WOOD. VOORHEES. BELMONT. AND VALLANDINGHM ALL ONE TICKET.
FATHER AB IS T SOLDIE THE PLATF IS FIRM AND PLAI
SOLDIERS MAILING THEIR VOTES
THE VETERAN'S VOTE.
DEMOCRATS HERE
LINCOLN
B. McCLELLAN FOR SIDENT.
PENDLETON.
MOUR.
WOOD.
CITIZENS VOTING.


PEACE
UNION
LINCOLN

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LIV.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

THE secret which the little bird whispered to Lily perplexed and agitated her very much.

She had noticed the rise in her mother's fortunes, but ascribed it to the popularity of her performances in the circus and the liberality of Mr. M'Variety, the manager. The little bird told her quite another story. It told her that the dainty white bedroom had been furnished for her by Sir William Long. It was easy to infer from this that the Cottage, the renewed engagement, the increase of her mother's salary, the benefit, and the elegant supper, all came from the same quarter.

For whose sake had the baronet spent so much money, and taken so much trouble? For her mother's? Lily would fain have let her heart answer this question in the affirmative, but try as she would she could not impose that conviction upon herself. Something—some still small voice of the past—told her that it was not for her mother's sake that the baronet had done all these things, but for her own.

Lily strove to think that it was done in pity for her hard life and forlorn condition; that it was simply the act of a generous and sympathizing nature. But while she struggled to interpret his motives in this wise, her heart was agitated by a suspicion that filled her with a vague feeling of dread.

Could it be possible that Sir William Long loved her?

That was the question which strove to shape itself in her mind. But Lily repressed it, and kept it down, dreading to have to answer it. And this she did to guard the image which sat enthroned in her breast—the image of Edgar Greyfaunt. But the question arose again and again, and shaped itself definitely, and demanded to be answered; and Lily, still hesitating, went back over her weary life to the Greenwich dinner. She had so few remembrances of pleasant days, that she was not likely to forget that day. It arose in her memory sharp and clear—a bright green island in the midst of a great waste of waters. She remembered sitting on Sir William Long's knee; she recalled the kind things he said to her, and how happy she felt at being near him. If she had never thought of him from that time until this moment, she might have forgotten how he looked, where they sat, what kind things he said to her, and many other little particulars of the occasion. But she had thought of him often, and carried him forward on every new page of the ledger of her life up to the day when she wrote the name of Edgar Greyfaunt upon it. She thought of the tall, kind gentleman less frequently after that; but she had thought of him so often before that his image was indelibly impressed upon her memory. She remembered every thing; how he had laughed and chatted with her, and asked her her name, and inquired how old she was. She remembered his peeling the apple and throwing the peel over his shoulder, and saying that it would form the initial of her sweet-heart's name; how the peel lay on the carpet in the shape of a W, and how she clapped her hands and said she should like to be his little wife, and make him a pair of nice red muffatees for the winter. And she remembered his stooping down and kissing her on the forehead, and saying, "I heartily wish you were my little sister, or my little daughter." Last of all, she remembered that she was eight years of age then, and he twenty-eight.

So far as Lily knew, she was now in her twentieth year. And Sir William? Sir William was forty!

When Lily had worked out this little sum, and saw the figures staring her in the face, she closed her eyes against them, as if by so doing she could shut out the reflections to which they gave rise.

She went back over her recollections of the Greenwich dinner again, and always when she came to those parting words her heart was relieved: "I heartily wish you were my little sister, or my daughter."

When Madame Ernestine was at the circus rehearsing a new act of the haute-école for her benefit, Lily wandered from room to room, thinking, thinking, thinking. Every object upon which her eyes rested was as dreary, and miserable, and forlorn as her own heart. Looking from the windows of the Cottage through the pelting rain, she saw the leafless trees nodding at her like grim spectres; the weeping ash-trees, bare and gaunt, overhanging the seats and tables, appeared to her like huge skeleton hands waiting to crush the votaries of pleasure in their grip. Through the mist and drizzle of the winter's day the black flower-beds loomed upon her sight like graves, of which the dripping, dirt-begrimed statues were the head-stones, sacred to the memory of departed flowers, which seemed to have died without issue. The Muscovite illusion had in part been rudely dispelled by the winter's wind. A portion of the cupolas of the Kremlin had been blown down, and the gap revealed some stacks of South Lambeth chimneys, smoking dismally, and dropping tears of soot upon the dingy gables.

One day, when Lily was looking out upon this dreary scene, wondering if those trees would ever again be covered with leaves; if those scrubs and stumps in the beds would ever again rise from their sepulchres crowned with the glory of flowers, wondering if her own heart would ever throb to an emotion of joy, she saw the figure of a man looming through the mist, and approaching the Cottage. As the figure came nearer, Lily recognized Mr. Kafooze.

Taking him in his most favorable aspect, Mr. Kafooze was not a cheerful person to look upon. In a pretty picture the most indulgent critic would have regarded him as a blemish. Under the present circumstances an ordinary observer would have viewed him in the light of an additional horror—a bat that had flitted across the sky, or an owl that had suddenly perched upon a bare and gnarled branch to complete the dismal picture. But to poor Lily the lean wizened figure of the astrologer was a thing of beauty; his coming was an angel's visit; for she knew that he had a feeling heart, and he was one of the very few persons who had ever spoken kindly to her.

The conduct of Mr. Kafooze was mysterious. He approached the Cottage, and disappeared from Lily's sight, leading her to suppose that he was in the porch knocking for admission; but presently he loomed in sight again, and walked about in front of the Cottage, looking up, and shading his eyes with his hand. Any one but Lily would have characterized Mr. Kafooze's conduct as "prowling;" but Lily soon perceived that he was trying to attract some person's attention. And who could that person be but herself?

She tapped at the window, and beckoned to him to come in; and, assured by this, Mr. Kafooze went round and entered the porch. Lily ran down stairs immediately and opened the door. Mr. Kafooze dry was not precisely an embodiment of happiness; but Mr. Kafooze wet was a monument of misery which left no further depth to be reached. It would have been hard to give an adequate idea of the wretchedness of his appearance, without calling in the illustrative services of the "drownded rat."

"Oh, do come in, Mr. Kafooze, out of the rain," Lily said.

"No, thank you, my dear," said the astrologer. "I—I won't come in; your ma will be finished presently, and I shouldn't like her to see me here."

"But you will get wet through, Mr. Kafooze," pleaded Lily.

"Oh, never mind, my dear; the wet doesn't hurt me. I'm used to it," said the astrologer. "I've been used to it all my life. If there's a shower of rain any where, I'm sure to be out in it without an umbrella. It's my star, my dear. I was born under a bad aspect of Aquarius, with Scorpio in opposition. Under such circumstances you're sure to forget your umbrella, even if it wasn't full of holes and three ribs broken. No, never mind, my dear, I only wanted to say a word. I've been looking back, my dear, among my books, with the data you gave me, and I have found your star."

It's very good of you to take so much trouble," said Lily.

"Oh, not at all, my dear; I like it. I'm never so happy as when I am studying the stars. Well, my dear, if your data be correct, you were born under a very peculiar conjunction. Mars was in Leo, you see, which is bad. I assure you I was very anxious about it at first, until I went a little further, and found that though in Leo at that time, he was passing out of that sign and entering Libra, which is good; if it were not that Uranus was in Cancer. However, my dear, as Jupiter passed the place of the sun a few days afterward, I think the aspect is a favorable one, signifying that you will get over the evil influence of Mars in Leo. That is all, my dear; and I thought I would just come round and tell you while your ma is at rehearsal."

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure, Mr. Kafooze," Lily said; "but do come in and dry yourself by the fire."

"No, my dear, no; madame will be here directly, and I must clear out of her way. Good-by! Good-by!"

"Stay. One moment, Mr. Kafooze," said Lily, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Yes, my dear."

"You know several languages, don't you, Mr. Kafooze?"

"Well," he said, "I—I have a smattering of two or three."

"Perhaps, then," faltered Lily, "you can tell me the meaning of—of 'spes.'"

"Yes, my dear," said the schoolmaster; "it's a Latin word, and it means Hope."

"Hope!" said Lily. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Kafooze, thank you. Good-by! Good-by!"

It was perhaps lucky for Mr. Kafooze that he did not remain longer talking about his stars; for he had scarcely passed out of the gate before Madame Ernestine emerged from the circus, and came across the gardens accompanied by a posse of male friends. These friends were Lord Carlton, Sir William Long, the Marquis Greyfaunt, Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell, and Mr. M'Variety, the manager. The countess ushered her friends into her new abode with much ironical courtesy mingling her mock civilities with maledictions upon the English weather, and upon every thing else English, except the Ship at Greenwich, and the Star and Garter at Richmond.

"We must have a dinner at one or other of those places after the benefit," said Lord Carlton.

"A dinner at Greenwich!" the countess exclaimed, with sparkling eyes. "Ah, that is what I love. There is nothing in England worth living for but a dinner at Greenwich, with those little fishes."

"But the little fishes are not in season yet," said Lord Carlton.

"Pourquoi pas?" said the countess; "why are not those little fishes always in season?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said his lordship.

"N'importe," said the countess, "we shall have a dinner at Greenwich after the benefit, shall we not?"

"Certainly," said Lord Carlton.

The countess rushed up stairs before her visitors to prepare Lily. She hurried her out of the front room, where she was sitting rapt in thought, into the bedroom.

"Now, attend to me," she said; "I will have no faints, no shrieks; you are not a child. I have visitors; Milord Carlton, and Sir William Long, and Monsieur Greyfond. Arrange your hair, and come into the apartment à l'instant."

Lily was quite scared by the sudden pounce which her mother had made upon her, and her agitation was now further increased by the mention of Edgar's name. He was in the next room, and Sir William Long was there also! If she had had time to reflect she would probably have given way to her emotions, as she had done before; but in sheer desperation she nerved herself to the ordeal, and followed her mother into the reception-room.

Mr. M'Variety was the first to address her.

"Ah, missy, how do you do? Looking pale, eh? I expected to see you quite rosy, living in the gardens here, among the trees and the fresh air."

And the manager shook hands with her. Then the rest in succession, ending with the sultan, who grasped her hand warmly, and was quite gracious. Lily was ready to faint, but she sustained herself, and sat down on an ottoman by the window, the sultan taking a chair near her, with his face toward her.

While the countess was rallying her visitors and inviting them to partake of some wine, which she assured them, in a significant manner, was not of the vintage of South Lambeth, the Sultan Greyfaunt condescended to open a conversation with the "little party." He spoke slightly in an under tone.

"I hope I may look upon you as an old friend, mademoiselle," he said, with a smile.

Poor Lily's heart was in her mouth. She knew not what to reply. It was not so much Edgar's words that agitated her (for they were cold and formal enough) as his look and his smile. In Paris his behavior to her had always been haughty and cold. Now he was gracious, and something more. Lily would have found it difficult to define that something more which his manner implied; but she *felt* it, and the color mantled to her pale cheeks.

"We were friends in Paris," Edgar pursued, "and I hope we shall be better friends in London."

Lily's heart was beating fast, and her face was becoming crimson. She muttered something in reply, she knew not what, and then her glance fell upon Sir William Long. He was sitting among the countess's visitors, not joining in their conversation, nor listening to them, nor taking any heed of them, but gazing pensively and thoughtfully, with a touch of dejection in his face, at her—at her and Edgar seated together in the window.

Suddenly the countess turned round and saw them.

"Ah, Monsieur Greyfond!" she exclaimed, "what are you saying to mamselle there in the corner? Vous êtes un mauvais sujet." And she shook her finger at him with a ghastly assumption of reproof. "Come," she said, "sit by me. I wish to talk to you concerning my benefit."

Edgar moved away from Lily, and sat down beside the countess.

"Will you not take a box for my benefit?" she said. "All my friends here have taken boxes."

"Yes, and paid for them," said Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell, "like gentlemen." Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell lost no opportunity of talking at his serene highness. He was continually shooting random arrows, in the hope that a stray one might hit the mark and rankle somewhere.

"Oh yes, certainly," said his highness. "And the price? how much?"

"How much!" exclaimed the countess, in an injured tone. "You ask a lady on the occasion of her benefit how much?"

Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell chuckled with much inward satisfaction.

"Oh, well, the fact is," said Greyfaunt, "I have very little loose cash about me; but—but I will give you a check upon my bankers." And he wrote a check for twenty pounds, and handed it to the countess with the air of a millionnaire.

"Vingt livres!" exclaimed the countess. "Monsieur Greyfond, vous êtes un prince. Give me your hand."

Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell's satisfaction subsided a little. Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt had paid more for his box than any of the others!

"And now, my lord and messieurs," said the countess, "as you have invited me to dine with you at Greenwich, I beg you will honor me with your presence at a petit souper in my château here after the performance on Friday. Say, will you do me the honor?"

"Oh, certainly," the visitors said in a breath, as they rose to take their departure; "we shall be most happy."

"Bon," said the countess, "we shall have a snug little party. We shall be gay."

On taking leave Edgar shook hands with Lily with the same warmth as before; and he looked at her with the same smile and expression which had made her heart throb and her cheeks flush when he first addressed her.

Sir William Long was the last to go up and bid her good-by.

"Have you quite forgotten your old Greenwich acquaintance?" he said.

"Forgotten you!" said Lily, taking his hand. "I shall ever remember you, ever think of you—with gratitude."

Sir William drove home that afternoon with the cold word sticking in his throat, like something he could not swallow.

"For me gratitude," he muttered to himself, "and for that brainless, heartless puppy, love! Oh, Lily, Lily!"

CHAPTER LV.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

"RANELAGH! Last night of the winter season! Benefit of Madame Ernestine, the world-renowned exponent of the High School of Horsemanship, who will appear on her trained steed Constant, and perform an entirely new act, descriptive of a Buffalo Hunt on the Prairies of the Far West! Ten thousand extra lamps! Additional and special attractions for this occasion only! N.B. Prices as usual."

Thus the advertising columns of the newspapers; thus the boardings and the dead walls; thus the perambulating sandwiches, with so very little human ham in the middle; thus countless little hand-bills that were jerked at the passers-by, glanced at, and thrown to the winter's wind to be driven against pillars and posts, to be caught in railings and gratings, and eventually to be chased into calm corners, there to lie and give rise in too hopeful breasts to the delirious suspicion of five-pound notes.

The day arrived, and it was fine. The air was clear and crisp, and for the first time for some weeks the sun came out for a little while, pale and sickly, like an invalid taking his first airing after a long illness. Mr. M'Variety assured the countess that she might rely upon a bumper.

"You see, countess, in the winter there's nothing like a fine bright day to give the public an appetite for a play or an entertainment. It acts upon them like a bottle of Champagne, or a 'picker-up' after a heavy bout the night before. But it's just the contrary in the summer, if the entertainment be an indoor one. Then there's nothing like a shower of rain about five o'clock in the afternoon. A good smart shower or a gloomy drizzle will drive them in in flocks, like chickens to roost. Only give me the key of the weather," said the manager, "and I'll make Ranelagh pay in the winter and Drury Lane in the summer."

The countess was busy with her preparations for the little supper which she was to give to "her friends" after the performance, and did not take much heed of the managerial philosophy. Indeed, she was not much interested; for her friends and her friends' friends had already taken a large number of tickets at fancy prices, and thus her own share was secured.

But M'Variety had a little matter of business in view, and continued to lead up to it with some general observations on managerial policy. He came at length to the point.

"What about those tickets, countess?"

The countess paused in her occupation, and looked up at her manager sharply.

"What about those tickets? What tickets?" she asked.

"The tickets you have sold to your swell friends," said the manager.

"Well, Sir, what about them? I do not understand you."

"Our arrangement," said the manager, "was half the receipts of the circus. It was a very liberal one, I think, on my part."

"On *your* part!" The countess threw back his words with a sneer.

"Come, come, countess, be reasonable. Admit that I have done my best for you, at any rate. And a bargain's a bargain, you know." Mr. M'Variety was beginning to plead with her. The countess perceived this, and took advantage of it.

"I understand you," she said; "you expect me to give you half of the sums which I have received from my friends; half of the twenty pounds, for example, which Monsieur Greyfond presented to me."

"Exactly," said the manager; "that's only fair."

"Then," said the countess, sternly, "I shall do no such thing! What is the price of Monsieur Greyfond's box? Tell me that!"

"Two guineas," said the manager.

"Très bien," said the countess, "you shall have the half; you shall have one guinea."

"Oh come, countess, that won't do at all," the manager protested.

"Stay," said the countess; "tell me this. Monsieur Greyfond gave twenty pounds for a box which he might have had for two guineas. Was it for your sake that he lavished his money thus?"

M'Variety was getting nettled.

"Well, if it comes to that, countess," he said, "was it for yours?"

The countess had been biting her lip and restraining herself hitherto, but she burst out now.

"Insolent!" she exclaimed; "how dare you come here, into my own house, into my own apartment, to take from me the presents of my friends, to rob me, to insult me with your vulgar words! But I tell you I will not submit to your extortion. I will die first."

She flounced about the room with glaring eyes and clenched hands as she said this; and at length put a climax to her rage by seizing one of the china ornaments on the mantle-shelf and dashing it to atoms against the grate.

M'Variety was sorry he had spoken.

"Look you," continued the countess; "rather than you shall have any share in my presents, I will take the notes and the checks and put them into the fire."

The countess had the best of the position in every way. She had the money in her pocket, and, for the rest, she was utterly indifferent to consequences. The manager was fully aware of this, and refrained from pursuing the subject further.

"I'll bid you good-afternoon, countess," he said, "and talk to you another time, when you are in a better temper."

"A better temper!" she shouted after him as he descended the stairs; "you would vex the temper of an angel." And she slammed the door upon him savagely.

"If ever the devil had a daughter," said the manager, as he crossed the garden, "yon's she, for a certainty."

Madame Ernestine's temper did not obey the law of ordinary violent disorders. It was at all times sharp, but never short. When she had run up the crescendo scale to the highest note in the gamut of fury she went back and repeated the same exercise again and again, with an increase rather than a diminution of brilliant execution. She fumed and stormed all the afternoon, and when she walked across to the circus to begin her performance the thunder was still rumbling.

As she was entering the circus she met Lord Carlton. She recovered herself immediately, and saluted his lordship gayly.

"Ah, milord, how do you do? You have come to honor me with your presence, I perceive. It is very gracious of you."

"Oh, not at all," his lordship replied, "beauty and talent always command my homage. It would have been impossible for me to stay away on such an occasion."

"Your lordship is most flattering," said the countess, with a grin. "By-the-way," she added, "your lordship honored me with a charming present, this riding-whip."

"A bagatelle," said his lordship.

"Oh, not at all," said the countess. "I value it very much. I have not used it hitherto; but I shall use it for the first time to-night, on the occasion of my benefit."

"You do me honor," said his lordship.

"You are very kind to say so, milord—but excusez-moi, it is time that I go and dress. Shall I have the honor of your lordship's company to supper in my humble chateau?"

"Certainly," said his lordship; "it will give me great pleasure."

"Then adieu pour le moment," said the countess; "we shall meet at supper."

She encountered old Kafooze in the passage leading to her dressing-room. She was not so gracious to *him*.

"Ah! ganache, ogre, corbeau, oiseau de mauvais augure! what did you say? that I should have no luck?" And she struck at the old man with her whip. Old Kafooze sprang aside with wonderful agility, but did not avoid the blow. The whip caught him a sharp cut across the shoulders, and made him writhe; but he said never a word, and slunk away as fast as he could, putting it all down to Scorpio in that bad conjunction with Aquarius.

Mr. M'Variety proved a true prophet. The fine bright weather brought the people out, and the gardens were well filled, considering that it was the winter season. The visitors, however, were soon tired of promenading among the ten thousand extra lamps, whose brilliancy only tended to make the wretchedness of the gardens more visible, and crushed into the circus in a body the moment the doors were opened. The circle and amphitheatre were speedily filled, and by-and-by Madame Ernestine's aristocratic friends began to drop into the boxes. Sir William Long was there in a box by himself, looking solemn and thoughtful. Greyfaunt was in the box adjoining, yawning, and looking inexpressibly bored by the performance of the Swiss Shepherdess. Lord Carlton had settled himself to sleep at once. Faineánt was there also, and Mr. Thomas Tibbs, and many more, who came, not for the sake of patronizing Madame Ernestine, but to be in the same train with Milord Carlton and Sir William Long.

The blank, listless countenances of these superior persons, satiated with a constant round of pleasure, presented a remarkable contrast to the bright happy expectant faces that glistened under the lamps in the amphitheatre. In the eyes of those humble folks, who had worked hard for the shillings they had paid at the doors, every thing was delightful, beautiful, charming. The Shepherdess in her flowered muslin skirt, with her crook, dancing and skipping upon the padded saddle, hailed by Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt as a "scraggy fright," was to them an aerial creature belonging to another sphere; the Three Graces were real divinities in petticoats, exciting the admiration of the male sex by the exquisite shape of their legs, and the pinkiness of their complexions; and of the female sex—especially those of a domestic turn, who did their washing at home—by the perfection exhibited in the clear starching of their petticoats; Young Strangler hitching at mysterious strings, and skining himself like a Protean onion, was a prodigy of daring and genius; the clowns with their old old jokes and stale antics; the master of the ring with his curly hair, his black mustache, and his hussar's jacket; the Frenchified looking grooms in the long coats, who pulled aside the curtain to admit the horses—all these persons were objects of the most boundless admiration, not unmixed with awe. Thunders of applause at the daring of Young Strangler, alternated with roars of boisterous laughter at the witticisms of the clown. These simple-minded shilling people, thoroughly bent upon enjoyment, were pleased even to recognize the scent of the stable, as it was wafted into the circus by the motion of the curtains, that scent which caused Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt to ejaculate many expressions of disgust, and to fan himself with his perfumed handkerchief.

Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt, voting all this intolerably slow and stupid, had strolled into Sir William Long's box. He was not a welcome visitor. Sir William scarcely took the trouble to return his greeting.

"What a horid bore this is!" yawned the dandy; "and then to have to sit out that dreadful old harridan, Madame Ernestine! Really, it's more than one can endure. By the way, Long," he continued, "have you noticed that remarkable fellow sitting opposite? Look at him; he's the best part of the show, I think."

Sir William looked across in the direction indicated, and saw seated in one of the lower boxes a man of foreign appearance with grizzled hair, cropped very short, and eyebrows and mustache almost jet black. The dark mustache and eyebrows in contrast with his pale face and gray hair, gave the man a very singular appearance, and Sir William looked at him long and curiously.

"Quite a lusus naturæ," said the dandy; "I'll go and ask M'Variety if he knows who he is."

Young Strangler had concluded his Protean performance, and retired amidst a tempest of applause; some French acrobats—"the additional attraction"—whom Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell had picked up at the Cirque Impérial in Paris, had illustrated the saying of Voltaire by showing the close resemblance between a Frenchman and a monkey, leaving the tiger part of the likeness to be exhibited in the Leicester Square café, to which they retired to wrangle over their dominoes and absinthe after the performance; the English clown had made some comments in disparagement of foreigners; and then, after a short pause, the orchestra struck up the familiar music, giving warning of the approach of Madame Ernestine, the world-renowned exponent of the haute-école. The velvet curtains were drawn aside, and Madame Ernestine, erect and stately, slowly entered the arena on her chestnut steed. Sir William Long at the moment was looking across at the foreigner with the gray head and the black mustache. He saw the man start and turn deadly pale, nay, ashy white, for he had been pale before; he saw him spring to his feet and clutch the front of the box, and then immediately sink into his seat again and withdraw from view. *Who* was this man, and what could have so strangely agitated him?

While Sir William was pondering upon this incident, the exposition of the haute-école began. It was the old affair: a long time before it came to any thing, then the mare, tossing her neck and pawing with her right fore-foot; then, backing to the edges of the ring, whisking her tail and causing a half-tittering, half-screaming commotion among the people in the front seats; then rearing on her haunches, curvetting and plunging, then cantering gently, and at last—as illustrating a buffalo-hunt in the prairies of the Far West—breaking into a gallop. The applause was gradually warming up; and Madame was warming up with it. The more the people applauded, the more she endeavored to urge the mare forward, now with fierce impatient words, now with her heel dug against her side, now with the whip laid smartly across her haunches. Faster and more furious! Faster still, in a mad career, kicking up the tan and saw-dust and flinging it in showers over the audience, plunging deep into the soft bed of the arena, thudding with her hind hoofs against the hollow boards of the ring, snorting, panting, and reeking with a lather of sweat: round and round she went at a terrible pace, the countess keeping her seat bravely, and still stimulating the mare to further exertion with tongue, and whip, and heel. Now the scarves are thrown across, and the mare takes them at a bound, first one and then the other, plunging and rearing at every leap. The applause is deafening. The people, carried away by the impetuous career of the horse and its rider, have started to their feet. They are clapping their hands, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting "Bravo! bravo! bravo!"

The mare suddenly refuses a leap, makes a sudden stop, and rears back upon the ring. The countess wheels her about, and once more puts her to it, with a wrench of the bridle and a savage cut of the whip across her ears. Over she goes with a mad plunge, throwing her hind hoofs high in the air. She is unable to recover herself at the next scarf, and stops a second time. Again the countess wheels her round and urges her to the leap, while the walls of the wooden building are trembling to the rolling thunder of applause.

At that moment the man with the gray hair and the pale face and the strange black eyebrows and mustache appears in the front of his box.

In the midst of the tempest of applause a scream was heard, and then a heavy thud, and through a shower of saw-dust and a steam of sweat the horror-stricken audience saw the form of Madame Ernestine hanging head downward from the horse, and the next instant lying on the ground in a contorted heap trampled under its hoofs!

The people in the front seats immediately jumped into the arena to render assistance. Foremost among them was the foreign-looking man, with the grizzled hair and the dark eyebrows and mustache. He was the first to reach the prostrate form of the countess. He knelt down, lifted her into his arms and looked in her face. Her eyes were closed, her lips livid, and her temples were covered with blood.

The man who held her grasped her hand passionately, "Valérie," he cried, in tones of deepest anguish, "speak to me, one word—one word!"

MARIE'S CURSE.

In the market-place at Heilbronn stands an ancient inn called The Rose. At one time it enjoyed a great run of prosperity, and this prosperity was owing to the marvelous beauty of its Kellnerin, an orphan girl who had been brought up and adopted by the landlord and his wife. All the gay cavaliers of the neighborhood resorted there, and loved to have their wine poured out by the fair Marie, to whose beauty, however, was added a discretion that kept her adorers at a respectful distance. It happened, however, unfortunately for Marie's peace of mind, that Hugo, son of the Count Helfenstein of Weinsberg, who had been absent for some years at the court of Ansbach, came home, and having occasion to go with his father on a visit to the Teutonic Knights, who had a house at Heilbronn, put up at The Rose. Young Hugo came, and saw, and conquered. An elopement and a marriage, secret, of course, under the circumstances, was the consequence. Hugo conducted his beautiful bride to Löwenstein, a lonely hunting-castle in the woods, which his father never visited, and for some time was all to her which she could wish a lover and husband to be. After a time, however, he was obliged to absent himself on business with his father and to pay a visit to the Margrave of Ansbach, where he had served as page. Marie, however, was in a measure consoled, as letters and messages for a time were frequent; but when weeks grew into months, and letters dwindled to notes, and became at the same time fewer, colder, and farther between, and at last ceased altogether, and that just at the time when she became a mother, the poor girl could bear the suspense no longer, and as soon as she was able she left the castle secretly with her infant son, her anxiety having been increased nearly to madness by a conversation which she had overheard under the wall of the castle, in which occurred vague expressions relative to a great marriage festivity pending at Weinsberg. When, after a toilsome journey on foot through the woods, she approached the demesne of Weinsberg, a rough forester accosted her and asked her her business. She was rescued from his rudeness by some lads from a friendly mill, but when he was going away with a broken head he called after her contemptuously, "Take my blessing with you, noble countess: I gave it you once before, when I personated the chaplain of Löwenstein, who married you to Count Hugo." She would hardly yet believe her ears, but hastened on her way to see her Hugo face to face, and hear the truth, however bitter, from his own lips. So she came at last to the steep winding track which led to the castle of Weibertreu, and as she was stopping to take breath a hundred paces from the gate it opened, and she heard the noise of an approaching cavalcade. First, however, came a servant with a halbert, who ordered her to get out of the way if she did not wish to be trampled by the horses, as the Herrschaft were coming. But she was rooted to the spot, for there rode her Hugo, who, without looking her way, was pointing out to a gay young lady the landscape under the glories of the setting sun, and comparing it in glowing words with his love, which should last till death. "Hugo, Hugo!" exclaimed poor Marie; "husband, father of my child!" and threw herself in his path.

At these words Count Hugo started and turned pale, as well he might, and the Lady Bertha gazed with astonishment at the female apparition that barred her way. Hugo, however, soon recovered himself, or seemed to do so, and said, blandly, "Do not be afraid; it is only a crazy girl who goes about here, and fancies every young knight is her husband;" and turning to his attendants, he asked them why she had not been put in the madhouse out of harm's way. This heartless conduct roused Marie from the stupor of her anguish, and she uttered a bitter curse on Hugo, praying that his castle might be destroyed till not one stone remained on another, and his first-born son by the proud Bertha might be killed like a dog by the lowest of that rabble whom his race so much despised. Having uttered this curse, she went away with the intention of drowning herself and child in the Neckar, but sank and died at the foot of a willow-tree on the way. A shepherd from the neighborhood was attracted by the wailing of the child, took it home to his wife, and adopted it, and had a stone cross put up at the foot of the willow to commemorate the death of the mother. Whether this story be true or not in all its circumstances, the substance of the curse came to pass. The castle is certainly now a mere heap of stones, and the heir of Helfenstein met his death in the famous War of the Peasants by the hands of the lowest of the people, among whom the story, to make the vengeance perfect, places the son of the despised Marie, who was unknown to his half-brother the count. These events are supposed to have occurred some twenty-five years before 1525, the date of the outbreak of the serfs against their feudal masters. Count Hugo of Helfenstein had broken his neck by a fall from the very horse at whose feet the injured Marie had lain prostrate, and was succeeded by his son by the Countess Bertha, who surpassed his father in pride and luxury, as he was well enabled to do by a marriage with a natural daughter of the Emperor Maximilian.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

M. Babinet, of the French Institute, has discovered the means of cooking without fire. He has just laid before the Academy the result of his experiments. His recipe is: Place your food in a black pot, covered with sundry panes of glass, and stand it in the sun. The water soon boils, and the food is said to be of better flavor than if cooked in the ordinary way.

M. Jourdan, a well-known contributor to the *Siècle*, wrote two leading articles, which appeared in August, 1863, in that journal, touching the neglect of primary instruction prevalent throughout France. According to this gentleman the educational advance accomplished by M. Guizot has been lamentably contravened since 1851, when the Legislative Assembly allowed education to fall into the hands of the clerical party, and the entire scheme of M. Guizot to be overturned. A republic was on the wane: an empire was dawning. To support that empire the influence of Rome would be needed. The Roman Catholic clergy at once saw and seized the opportunity circumstances had presented to them. "The watchword," says M. Jourdan, "went forth from Rome, and innumerable corporations, both of men and women, rose up; among them the Christian Brothers, commonly called 'Les Frères Ignorantins,' and got possession of the primary instruction. Meanwhile, the Jesuits, by founding institutions which have now taken deep root in the soil of France, disputed with the University the secondary education in the middle or *bourgeois* class, while associations of women seized upon young girls of the inferior class. This army, supported by funds from some hidden source, has now moved on for thirteen years, under the protection of academical councils and the law Beugnot, toward the conquest of the rising generation. The number of religious women now devoted to teaching throughout France is forty thousand. Such is the system now opposed by the anti-clerical party. The poor schoolmasters," M. Jourdan goes on to say, "who are miserably paid, and crushed beneath the power and dignity of the bishops, are made to perform the meanest service at dictation of the priests. They wait in the sacristy; they toll the bells; they trim the lamps. Being only laymen, they are as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Church. On the other hand, the religious bodies, their eyes fixed on Rome, are allowed to dip into the public treasury and take out as much as they can get with both hands. They have houses, public buildings, fine institutions, at their disposal, giving very little instruction in return. It is true you will find little boys and girls in very devout attitudes—their arms crossed, their eyes down—repeating, parrot-like, long prayers, the purport unintelligible. They may be seen adoring medals, images, scapularies; their minds brimful of superstition, their bodies subject to the rod of coarse country girls, whom a certificate of obedience has created governesses, or even of men, the so-called Christian Brothers, or 'Frères Ignorantins.' Such is the truth of our situation," adds M. Jourdan: "we maintain the danger of its continuance, and we affirm that modern France can not leave her children in hands like these."

Alfieri, often before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind, either in the act of hearing music or a few hours after," a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had music played in a room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspiration; and music was ever necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the grand visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher of Massillon, was once found playing on the violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach before the court. Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, collecting its tones, was opening all its faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.

The Atlantic cable, which is to be laid next summer between England and America, was recently tested to try its strength and ductility. A given length was taken, suspended, and gradually weighted till it broke, the elongations succeeding each additional weighting being duly registered. The cable selected bore the weight of six three-fifth tons. The case, the spiral wires involving it, the insulating body, the jute yarn, and each separate strand of the cable were similarly tested. It was found from those experiments that the more the fibres of wire were brought into a state of tension, the greater became its strength, and that as an insulator gutta percha, although not so perfect as India rubber, is far more durable, and that the cable as now manufactured will be able to bear a strain four times its own weight when laid at the bottom of the Atlantic.

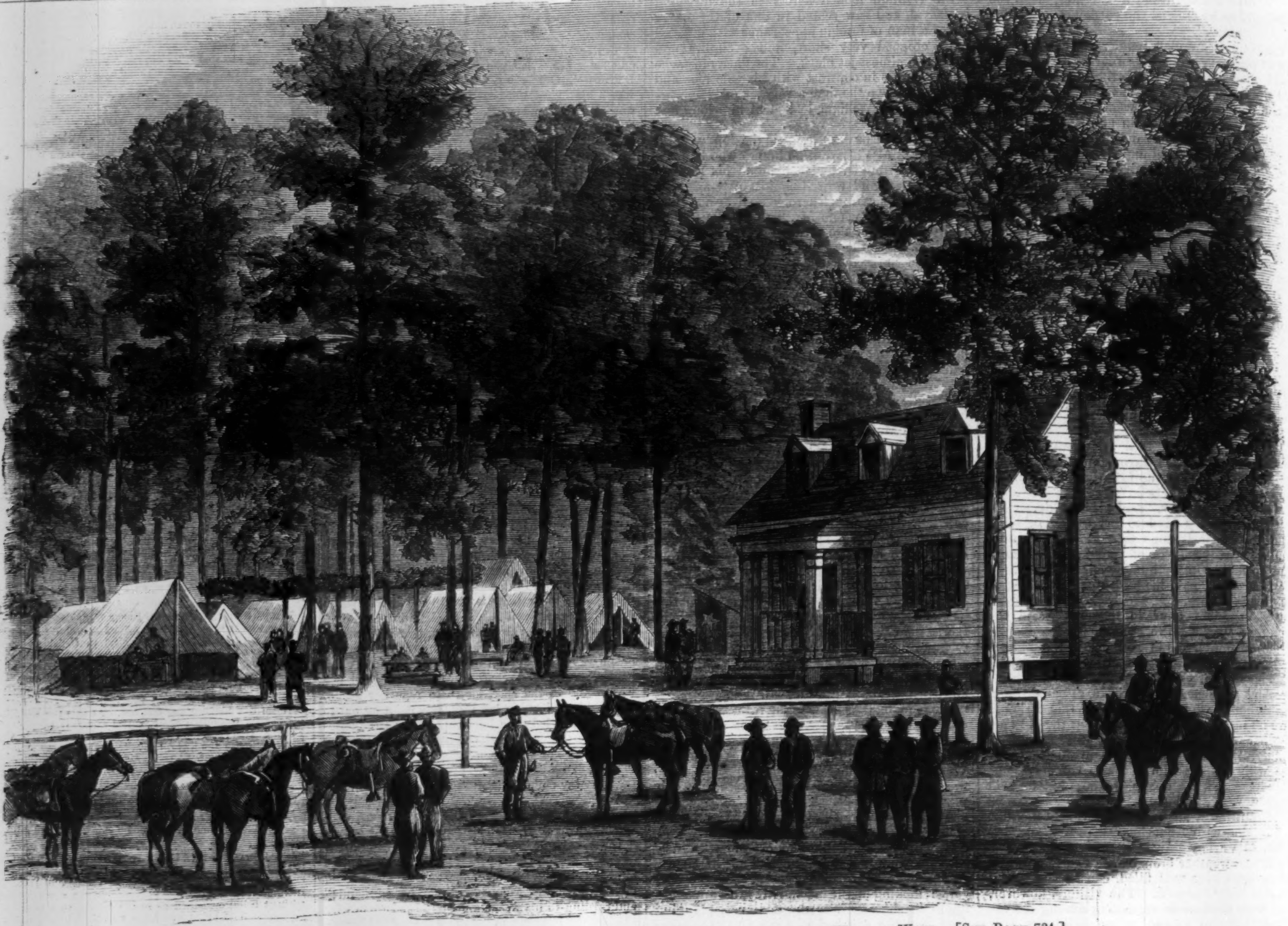
William the Fourth and Bessy Usher.—At the first drawing-room held by Queen Adelaide and William the Fourth after their coronation, Miss E. Usher was presented, as a matter of course, though already well known to the King while he was Duke of Clarence, owing to his friendship of many years' standing with her father. At the moment of presentation, however, some hesitation occurred, owing to a slight informality, as Lord James O'Brien was handing her forward. At this the King, in his hearty, stentorian voice, called out, "Is that Bessy Usher? God bless her! let her come! Why, I've known her ever since she was a baby!" And a hearty and resounding kiss, planted on either cheek of the blushing girl, gave ample testimony to the sincerity of his declaration and the vigor of his regard. The confusion of the beautiful "Bessy" may be imagined. Every eye in that courtly circle was instantly turned full upon her; and great was the admiration and astonishment of the high dignitaries collected around the throne on this grand and stately occasion.

The Romance of an Early Engagement.—The following romantic story is told of Lord March (grandson of Charles II.), who afterward became the second Duke of Richmond, and who, while yet quite young, was engaged, without being consulted as to the choice, to a lady still younger. The bride was Lady Sarah, the daughter of the Earl of Cadogan, Marlborough's favorite general. Their union (according to Napier's account) was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between the parents, and the young Lord March was brought from college, the lady from the nursery, for the ceremony. The bride was amazed and silent, but the bridegroom exclaimed, "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Married he was, however, and his tutor instantly carried him off [illegible]ntinent. Three years after this event Lord March retu[illegible] from his travels a most accomplished gentleman; but having such a very disagreeable recollection of his wife he avoided home, and repaired, on the first night of his arrival, to the theatre. There he saw a lady of so fine an appearance that he asked who she was, and on being answered that she was "the reigning toast, the beautiful Lady March," he hastened to claim her, and they lived together so affectionately that one year only after his decease, in 1750, she died of grief. One of the numerous children of this loving pair, Lady Sarah, grew up an extraordinary beauty, attracted the attention of George III., who had then ascended the throne, at the age of twenty-two, and her charms made such a deep impression on the heart of the young King that he, no doubt, would have married her had not influence been exerted to prevent it; and he was compelled by State policy to marry the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who bore him fifteen children (of whom the Duchess of Gloucester was the last surviving, and who died in 1857). The subsequent marriage of Lady Sarah Lennox, in 1764, to Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart., who was the son of a clergyman, proved that with her ambition was not a ruling passion. But her married life was an unhappy one, and the marriage was dissolved by an Act of Parliament in 1766. She was afterward married to the Hon. Major-General George Napier, and became the mother of a set of the most remarkable men, among whom were the late Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, and Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War. Her ladyship died in 1826, at the advanced age of eighty-two, and was believed to be the last surviving great grand-daughter of Charles II.

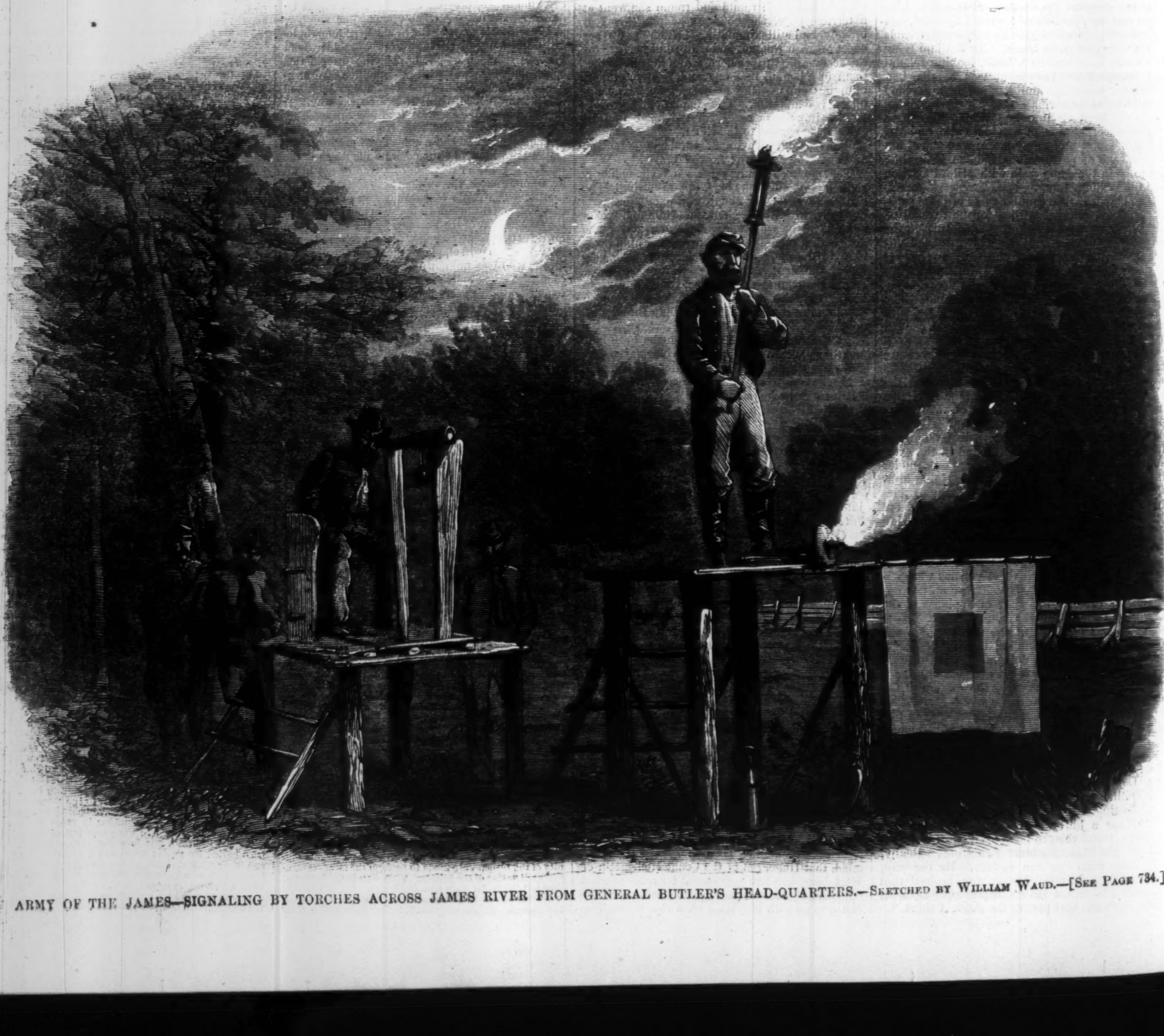
A very curious case occurred recently concerning the mysterious murder in Brooklyn. A young woman called upon the Coroner and readily identified the features as those of her husband, identified the clothing, even to rents which she said she had mended. She said the man was a soldier; had recently married her; the next day got his new civil dress and disappeared. She was so much excited as to faint away. On coming to her senses the Coroner asked her for the marriage certificate. She produced it, showing that she was married on the 7th of October. The first part of the body was found on the 3d, four days before. There can be no good reason for an attempt at deception, and we must set the case down as one of the results of nervousness and a morbid interest in things horrible.

The *Indépendance Belge* mentions a curious blunder on the part of an individual, who called at the General Post-Office at Brussels and stated that he had some days before inclosed upward of 10,000 francs in bank-notes in a letter addressed to MM. Balisaux, Lebeau, & Co., bankers at Charleroy, which he had himself sealed and put into the letter-box in the Marché-aux-Grains, but which had never reached its destination. The post-office authorities promised to make inquiry. In answer to a letter sent to Charleroy on the subject the director of the post-office stated that no letter addressed to the firm in question had been received, but that one had come directed to the individual himself on whose behalf the inquiries were made. On the letter being opened it was found to contain the sum mentioned, the gentleman having in a moment of forgetfulness directed the letter to himself instead of to the bankers!

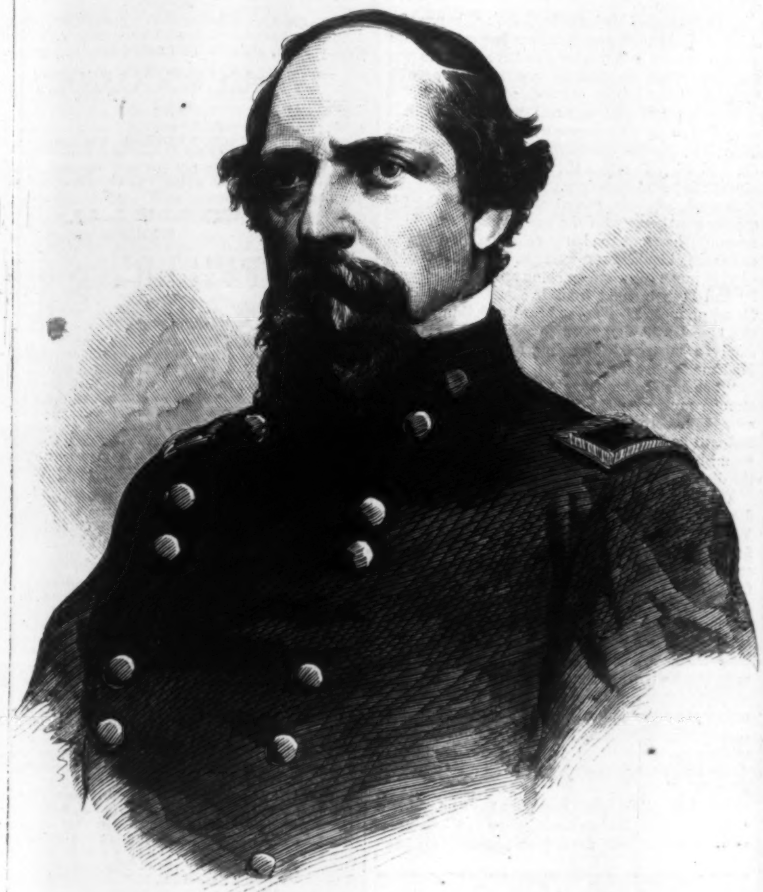
A few weeks ago an old woman died in the small town of Lievikzee, on the banks of the Scheldt. The old lady was regarded by her simple neighbors as being within only a few removes from positive poverty. But she died; and as she had always had her will during her lifetime, she left no will behind her; but, to the astonishment of her neighbors, what she did leave behind her was cash, bank-notes, and stock amounting in value to about two million guilders. There were pots full of the gold and silver of withdrawn and forgotten currencies, which had been buried for years; there was a box full of Austrian and other stock certificates, the coupons of which had not been cut off for a quarter of a century; while in a tin canister, which might have been the domestic tea-caddy, was a quarter of a million's worth of bank-notes, musty with the accumulated damp of years.



ARMY OF THE JAMES—GENERAL BUTLER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 734.]



ARMY OF THE JAMES—SIGNALING BY TORCHES ACROSS JAMES RIVER FROM GENERAL BUTLER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 734.]

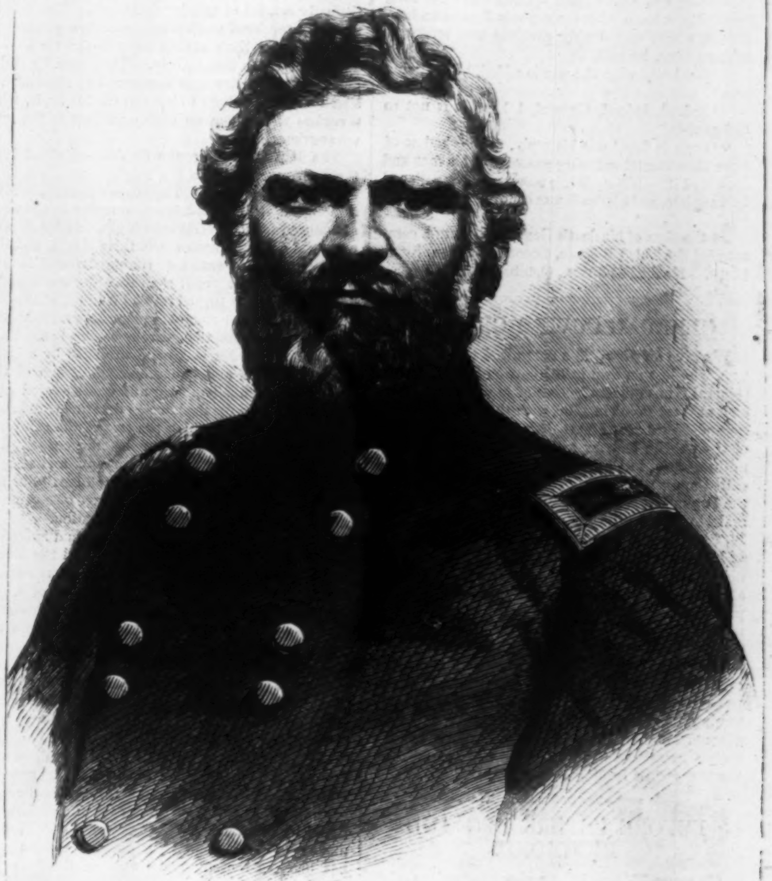


GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS.

GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS, wounded in the battle of Cedar Creek, is a native of New York, from which State he was appointed a cadet to West Point in 1835. He graduated in 1839, with the grade of Second Lieutenant of Artillery. In 1846 he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and in August, 1852, was appointed Captain, having since 1849 occupied the position of Regimental Quartermaster.

General RICKETTS was wounded in the first battle of Bull Run and taken prisoner. For distinguished service in that battle he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. In nearly all of the Virginia campaigns he has commanded a division. His division of the Sixth Corps was, in July, detached from the Army of the Potomac and sent to Harper's Ferry, taking part in the battle of Monocacy and in all the subsequent operations in the Shenandoah Valley. In General SHERIDAN's absence, WRIGHT assuming command of the Army of the Valley, his place at the head of the Corps was occupied by General RICKETTS, who was wounded in the early portion of the battle on the 19th, and was for some days supposed to be in a dying condition. If his wound should indeed prove a mortal one the country will have lost a very able officer.

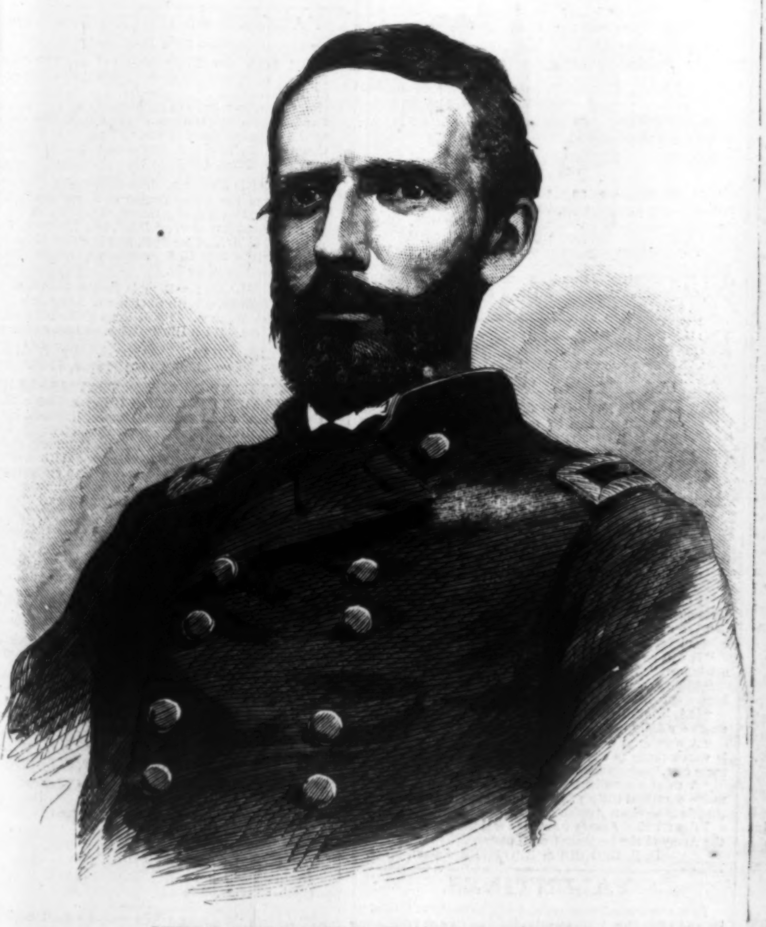


THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL BIDWELL.

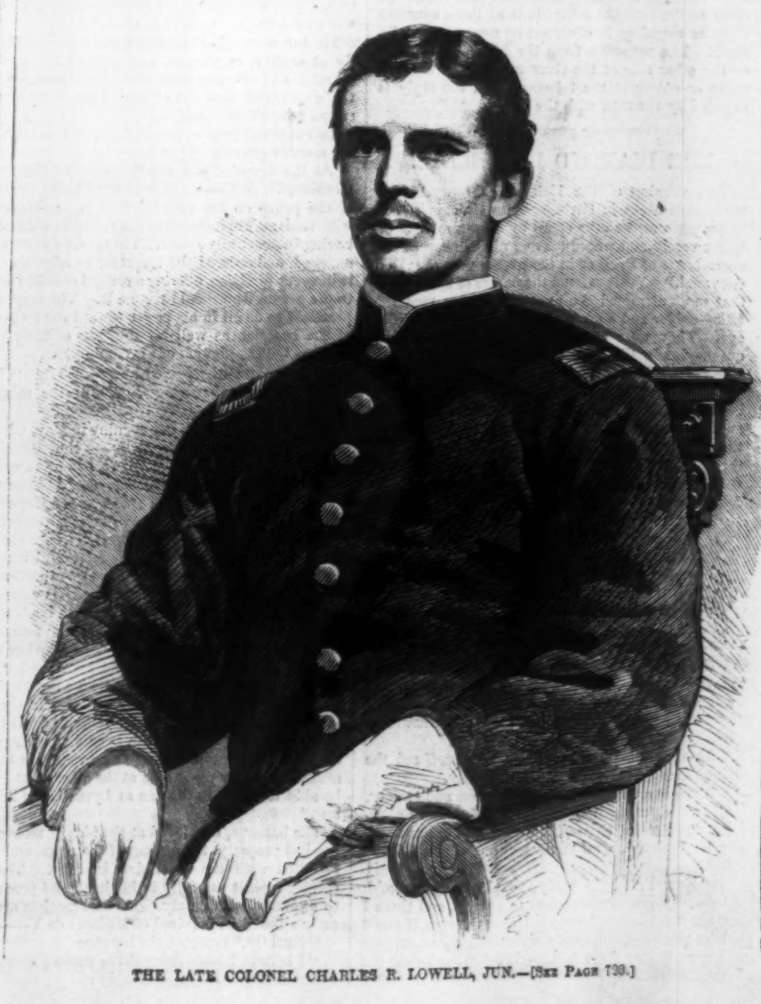
GENERAL BIDWELL.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BIDWELL, who was killed in the recent battle of Cedar Creek, was born at Black Rock, near Buffalo, in 1818 or 1819. He prepared at an early age for the legal profession, which he afterward abandoned for mercantile pursuits. He had considerable taste for military life, and was Captain of a uniform company in Buffalo. He entered the service September 21, 1861, as Colonel of the Forty-ninth New York Volunteers, known as the Buffalo Regiment, and participated in nearly all of the Virginia campaigns. The correspondent of the *World*, alluding to his death, says:

"Than this noble General no officer was more beloved or more respected in the whole army. His was the form that, on that portentous evening in the Wilderness when the right of the Sixth Corps, being the right of the army, was surprised and broken, sat among the bullets upon his horse, in the language of General SEDGWICK, 'like a man of iron,' coolly directing the movements which repulsed the enemy, gave us back the field, and saved the whole Army of the Potomac from disaster. His was the brigade which, if I remember aright, silenced the first battery of the rebels at Winchester. His was the brigade which took the first five pieces of cannon at Fisher's Hill. His was the presence,



GENERAL CUVIER GROVER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]



THE LATE COLONEL CHARLES R. LOWELL, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 738.]

his the heroic bearing, that never flinched in the thickest of the battle, and which always inspired his men, not only to duty, but to ardor. I visited him this afternoon in a house where he had been conveyed after his wound, and where he was dying. Stretching out a pale hand, a hand known of long friendship, a hand whose grasp was always an honor, but which was doubly precious and tender at such an hour, he said,

"'Good-by,' with the words added, 'I am going fast.'

"'Indeed, indeed, General, I hope it is not so bad as that."

"'Such is fate,' was his reply, as the shadow of more than mortal suffering passed over his face and darkened it. His suffering was soon after relieved by an opiate, and his death was comparatively peaceful."

At the time of his death General **Bidwell** commanded the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps. He died at 3 P.M., October 19, 1864.

GENERAL CUVIER GROVER.

We give on page 733 a portrait of General **Grover**, who lost an arm in the battle of Cedar Creek. General **Grover** is a native of Maine, and graduated at West Point in 1850, with the rank of Brevet Second-Lieutenant of Artillery. At the beginning of the war he had for some time been performing military duty in Utah, but immediately he was recalled and assigned to a command in the Army of the Potomac. He commanded a brigade under General **Hooker** in the Peninsular Campaign. April 14, 1862, he was appointed Brigadier-General. After **M'Clellan**'s Peninsular Campaign, in which he distinguished himself, had terminated, he was assigned to the command of a division. In the latter part of the year he was transferred to the Department of the Gulf, where he commanded a division of the Nineteenth Corps. With this command, in the following summer, he participated in the siege of Port Hudson. In July the Nineteenth Corps was recalled to Virginia, and General **Grover**, retaining his old command, entered upon a new field of conflict in the Valley—a field to the glory of which he has greatly contributed. He was wounded on the 19th, while leading a charge.

BEFORE PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND.

On pages 724 and 732 we give illustrations relating to the campaign in front of Petersburg and Richmond. The cut on page 724 illustrates the visit made to the front, October 17, by Secretaries **Stanton** and **Fessenden**, accompanied by Ex-Collector **Barney** with his successor **Simeon Draper**. These distinguished visitors, attended by Generals **Grant**, **Meade**, and **Hancock**, Chief Engineer General **Barnard**, and others, proceeded to the scene of the late advance made by the Army of the Potomac to the left of the Weldon Railroad. On their way they visited the excellent fort on that road named after the late lamented **Wadsworth**. They seemed highly delighted with what they saw, and examined the fort at great length. The sketch was taken by our artist while the group of officers were standing on the bastions looking toward General **Warren**'s head-quarters at the "Blick House."

Two illustrations given on page 732 represent **General Butler's Head-quarters** and the mode of **Signaling by Torches** across the James River. General **Butler**'s head-quarters are in the encampment furthest to the left. It is at these quarters that the signaling is observed by means of a telescope. The messages from the high signal-tower on the other side of the river are read by the sergeant or officer at the telescope, and the reply is signaled by the man with the torch.

THE DIAMOND BRACELETS.

The evening of the 15th of February, 183— was a gala night in Paris. "Don Giovanni" was to be performed at the opera by an assemblage of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the opera-house of Paris or in the great opera of "Don Giovanni." Yet it was not the names of the artistes that most attracted the attention as one read the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the reigning king and queen—Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie. The *affiches* announced that they would honor the opera with their presence on that evening. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was their first appearance at the opera since the "three days" of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason as many Orleanists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th February to hear "Don Giovanni" and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock carriages were to be seen conveying their gayly-dressed occupants to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage stood at the door of a large house in the Rue des Champs Elysées, evidently also for the purpose of taking some fashionables to the opera. This carriage and house belonged to the Baron de V——, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer to this appeal; "don't be in such a hurry!"

As the last piece of advice was proffered the speaker appeared at the top of the stairs.

She was a dark beauty of about one and twenty, and was dressed purely in white. She came fluttering down stairs, chattering meanwhile to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

"Now I'm quite ready, so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to put on, and those I want you to clasp for me. Here's the case, if you'll take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?"

A smile was the only answer the baron vouchsafed, as he took the bracelets out of their case and clasped them on the fair white arm of his bride.

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable table diamonds, while in the centre of either glittered a spray of heart's-ease, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessors by the fact of their having been in the De V—— family for three generations. They now by right belonged to the dowager baronne, but she had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who therefore wore them on such occasions as the one we are describing.

The Baron and Baronne de V—— stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it still wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar, subdued sound of tuning stringed instruments was heard. Still the royal box was empty, and all eyes were turned toward it in eager expectation. In another moment applause burst from the pit and gallery and the entire house, as Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie, attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court, appeared. The king and queen bowed graciously in return for the homage paid them, and then took their seats, at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baronne de V——. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the queen turned away he laughingly told her of it.

"Nonsense!" cried the bride; "don't fancy such absurdities."

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself on her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party, drew back the curtain behind their box, and stepping forward, said, "Pardon, madame, but her majesty's admiration and curiosity has been so roused by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commissioned me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her closer inspection." The pretty baronne blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, feeling not a little flattered at the attention and distinction the queen had conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. Its owners thought the officer had doubtless forgotten it, and the baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few moments returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adèle," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others, who has been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was neither sent for nor fetched."

The baronne looked aghast. "François," she said, "that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, but an *affreux* thief."

The baron smiled as his little wife jumped so speedily at such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe and had really been sent for by the queen, and that the officer whom he had consulted was misinformed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly, as the morrow proved.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming the next morning, M. de V—— spoke to the Chief Inspector of the police on the subject, who quite coincided with madame's opinion as to the valuable ornament having been artfully stolen. The baron was greatly annoyed, and ordered the inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of 3000 francs to the person who should restore it. The inspector promised to do all in his power toward the recovery of the bracelet, as well for the sake of society at large as the satisfaction of his employers.

But three months passed away—350 francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V—— that monsieur the Inspector wished to speak to her or monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V—— went down stairs to speak to the inspector, with whom she had had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in the respectful manner peculiar to him. "I believe I have some good news for madame this evening," he said. His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's when changing. Madame de V—— had often remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that evening. "The detectives," he continued, "engaged in the business have met with a bracelet in a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons so exactly the same as madame's, that it only remains for it to be identified before we can claim it as madame's property. My object in coming this evening is to ask madame to allow me to look at the other, that I may be able to swear to the one at Lyons being its fellow."

The baronne, overjoyed at the idea of recovering her lost property, tripped out of the room, and soon returned with the remaining bracelet. The inspector took it carefully in his hand and proceeded to examine it minutely. "The bracelets are exactly alike?" he inquired of Madame de V——.

"Exactly," repeated the baronne.

"I believe I have learned the pattern thoroughly," said the inspector, musingly; "yet there may be some difficulty in not having both bracelets together to compare them one with another."

"Why not take this to Lyons, then?" suggested the baronne.

"Ah, Madame, it would scarcely do to trust even a police inspector after having been deceived by an officer in disguise."

"Oh!" laughed Madame de V——; "do you not think I would trust you, Monsieur Inspecteur, after all the interest and trouble you have taken in the matter? Take the bracelet, and I hope you will bring me both back ere many days have passed."

The Inspector still hesitated, but at length consented to do as the baronne wished him, and went away, bearing the sparkling ornament with him. On her husband's return the baronne, of course, told him of the joyful discovery.

A week, however, passed away without the Inspector's arriving with the stolen property. One morning, therefore, the baron called on the Inspector to make inquiries respecting it. The latter seemed very much surprised on being asked if the bracelet had been brought from Lyons. "What does Monsieur mean? I never heard any thing about the bracelet having been found at Lyons; it is surely a mistake. Monsieur has misunderstood Madame la Baronne."

"You had better come yourself and have this strange mystery cleared up, M. Inspecteur," answered the baron, sternly. "Madame is at home, and will be happy to assure you herself that it is no mistake—that you called and informed her of the diamonds having been traced to Lyons."

The Baron and the Inspector repaired to the Rue des Champs Elysées, where they found Madame de V—— at home, as her husband had said. She confirmed what he had already said about the Inspector having called one night at dusk, and having informed her that the bracelet was supposed to be at a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons.

The inspector smiled incredulously as he said, "Does Madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out, or enjoying itself with company at home? Bah! I do my business in business hours. The disguised officer most probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another cut—the villain! Mais—I am afraid Madame will never see either of her bracelets again after this."

The inspector's words came but too true. From that day to this Madame la Baronne de V——'s diamond bracelets have never been heard of.

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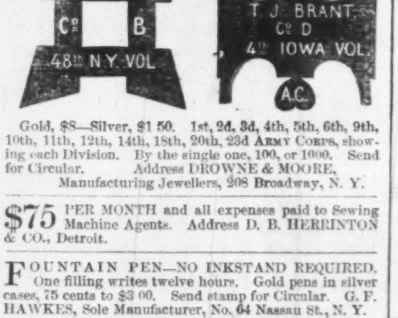

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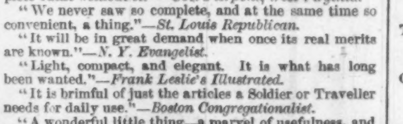

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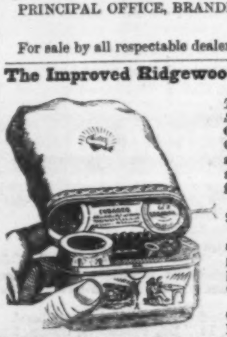

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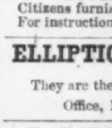

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